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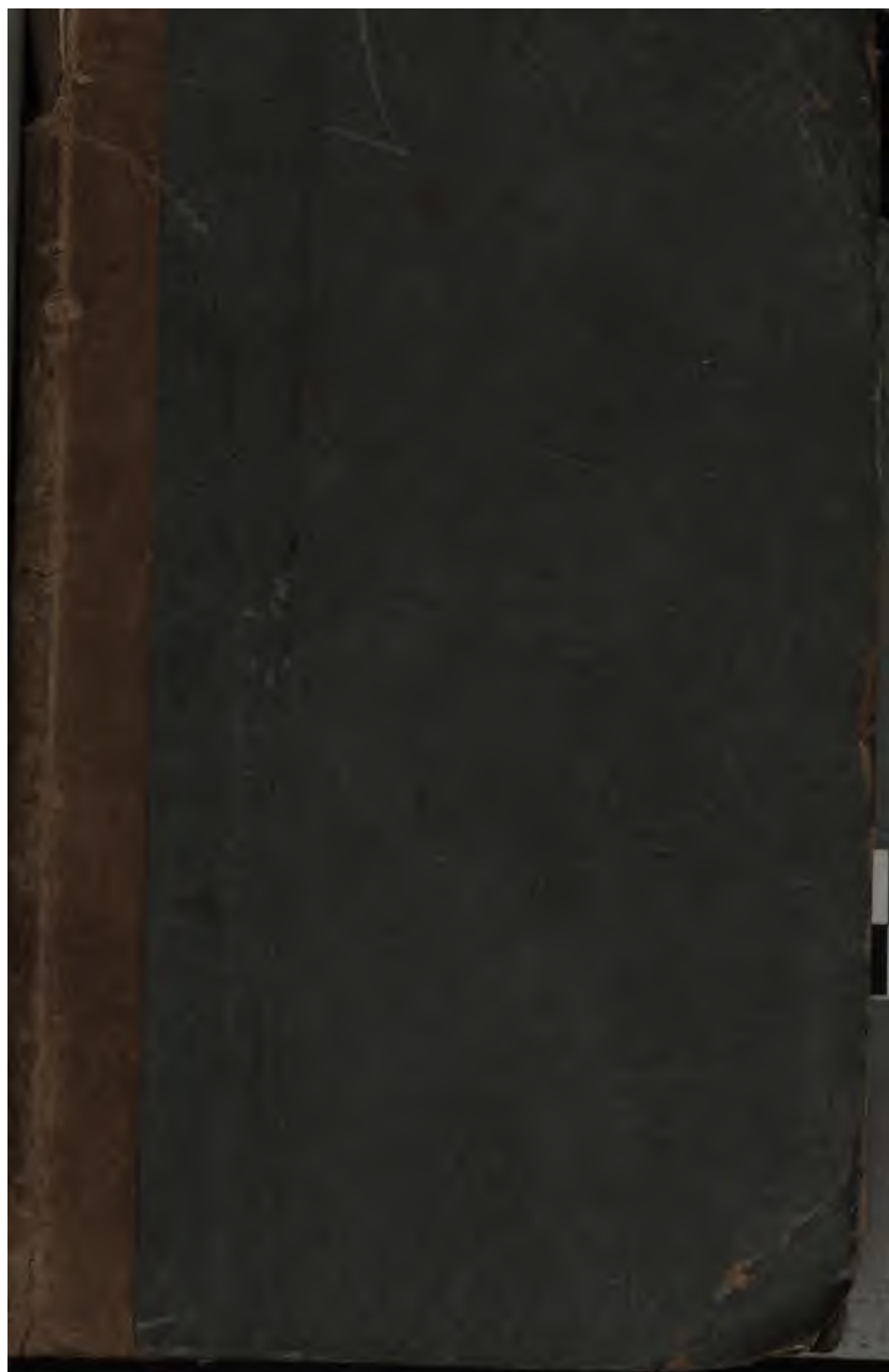
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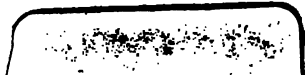


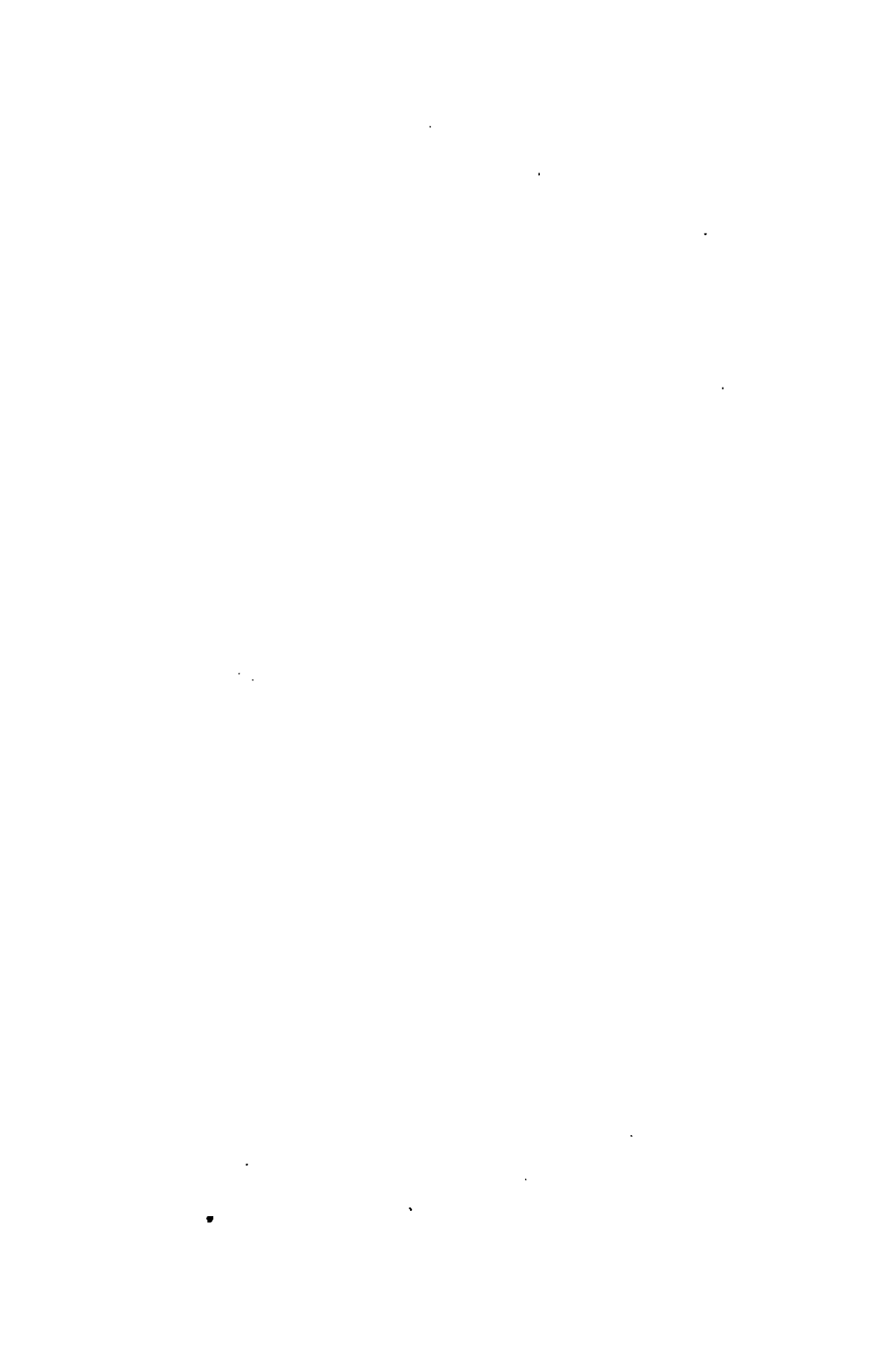
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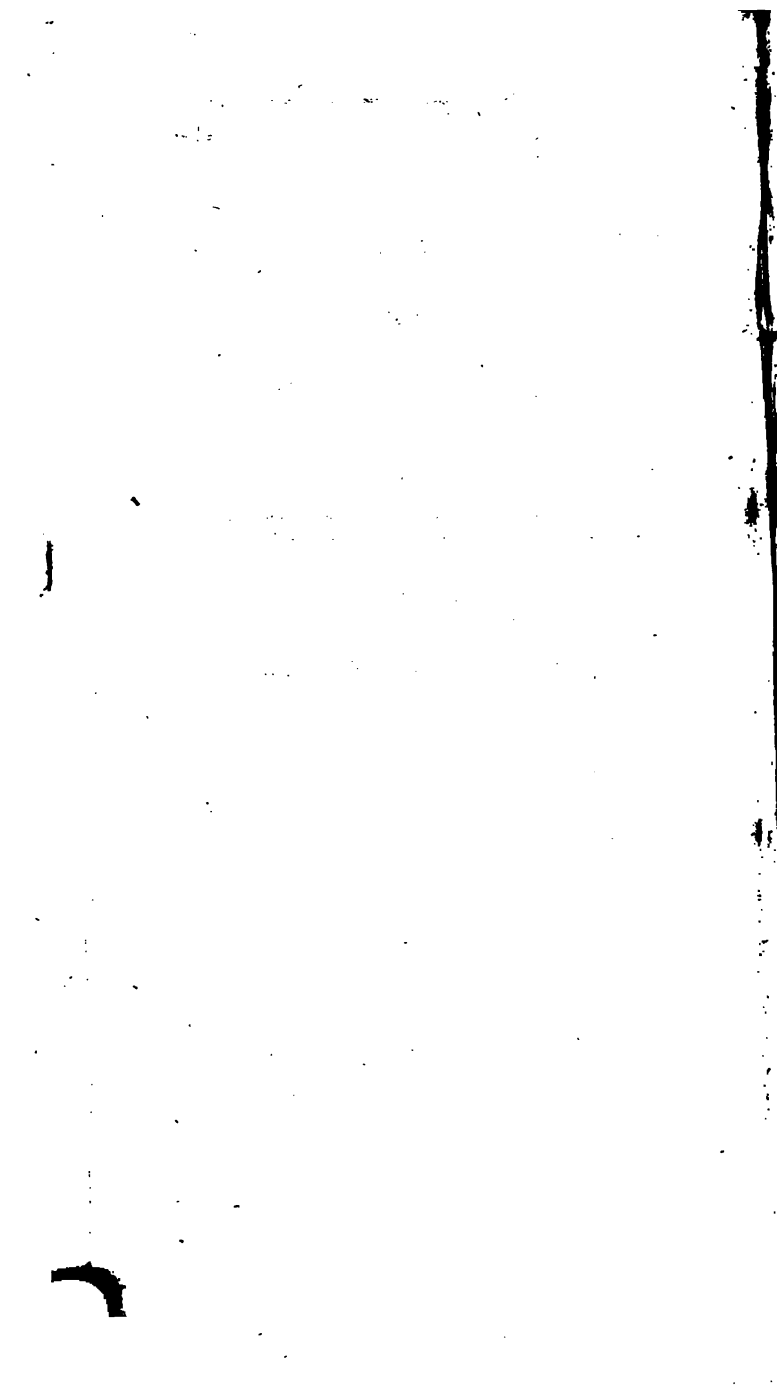






COMIC POEMS,

&c.



COMIC POEMS

OF THE YEARS

1685, AND 1793 ;

ON

Rustic Scenes

IN

S C O T L A N D,

AT THE TIMES

TO WHICH THEY REFER ;

WITH

EXPLANATORY AND ILLUSTRATIVE

NOTES.



—sately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Sbatip. Hen. VI.

EDINBURGH :

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1817.

280. j. 775.



LINTOUN GREEN,

OR THE

THIRD MARKET DAY OF JUNE,

O. S.,

1685.

A Poem.

IN NINE CANTOS.

Saginat^{us} Porcus.

Prop. iv. I, 23.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

==
1817.

change in its time, place, and action, without most of the real names and portraits of its principal, now re-printed, and here placed before it with some explanatory notes. The Panegyrick, however, owed to these real names, and to its friendly connexion with the ever-glorious REVOLUTION, at the time it was written, many of its contemporary admirers, whose descendants still continue to repeat, with glee, such of the personal appellations, and characterising lines, as they can accompany with the illustrative descriptions and stories handed down to them from those who were then alive.

EDINBURGH, }
A. D. 1817. }

A Panegyrick
 upon the royal army in Scotland;
 AND PARTICULARLY
 UPON THE
TROOPS OF TWEEDDALE,
 AND
FORREST GENTLEMEN
CONVENED BY ROYAL AUTHORITY,
 MAY 1685, UNDER COMMAND OF THE LAIRD OF
 DRUMELLEAR,
 TO SUPPRESS WHAT WAS THEN CALLED
REBELLION (1.)

THE merry month of May was in her pride,
 And loyalty seemed Scotland's lovely bride,
 When bold Argyle, that lofty little man,
 Through Neptune's regions with arm'd squadrons
 ran;
 Swift tyranny to stop, and with intent,
 Usurping powers and Popery to prevent:
 This he did judge his duty, not his crime,
 Yet it was called High Treason at the time.

(1) From this, and several passages in the poem itself, Dr Pennecuik seems to have written this satirical panegyrick; since the Revolution; probably about the same time with his poetical '*Address to the Prince of Orange*,' and also in compliment to him, and to the Whigs and Presbyterians, long after the unsuccessful invasions of Monmouth and Argyle, which gave rise to it.

"Fy, cried the Courtiers, when did we see ever,
Religion and Rebellion lodge together;
And does Argyle with that despised crew,
Think with himself all Scotland to subdue." (2)

The Royal trumpets sound, the drums do beat,
And troops march through the country soon and late,
The Gentry rise in arms, in splendid manner,
And thrust in throngs to brave Bellona's banner;
Crying, mount, march, charge, spur quickly up
your avers,
And fight like Scotsmen, under valiant Clavers,
Dumbarton brave commands our standing forces,
That stout and gallant train of foot and horses. (3)

Assist me, Muse, their worth for to rehearse,
Not in coarse trivial rhyme, but lofty verse.
Which I can never do, should I begin,
While Lachesis has any yarn to spin.

(2) Archibald Campbell, *Earl of Argyle*, on taking the Test in 1681, enacted that year by the Scottish Parliament, when the Duke of York was Commissioner, subjoined an Explanation, in consequence of which he was found guilty of High Treason, and condemned to death, but escaped to Holland before the sentence was executed, and remained there till the death of Charles the Second. In concert with the *Duke of Monmouth*, who claimed the Crown, in opposition to James the Second, and in support of religious and civil liberty, against Popery and arbitrary power, he returned to the west of Scotland in the month of May 1685, as celebrated in this ironical panegyrick on the Militia Troops raised to oppose him; descended from Argyleshire to the lowlands; was taken prisoner, on the south side of the Clyde, below Glasgow; and, being carried to Edinburgh, was beheaded, upon his former sentence, on 30th June 1685.

(3) 'Clavers;' John Graham of *Claverhouse*, afterward *Viscount Dundee*, who was killed fighting for James II., in the Pass of Killcrankie near Blair in Athol, on the 13th of June 1689.—'Dumbarton;' Douglas, *Earl of Dumbarton*. See Sir Patrick Hume's account of Argyle's Descent upon Scotland in 1685, in *Rose's Observations on the Historical Work of Mr Fox*.

All of them proof 'gainst desperate alarms,
 Train'd up by old Dalryell in feats of arms;
 That daring veteran blade, yet meek when he
 Is in cold blood, and from all passion free. (4)
 Survey this little army, and you shall
 Judge every officer a general;
 And scarce a private soldier you shall see,
 But elsewhere might a great commander be.
 What equal number in the world could rout,
 The Douglas' royal regiment of foot;
 And those commanded by the Earl of Mar,
 Are sons of Mars, swift thunderbolts of war;
 As for our martial troopers and dragoons,
 Their bravery's well approv'd by crack'd crowns;
 And for our lusty Hectoring grenadiers,
 The devil he dare not fight them for his ears.

DRUMMELLAR chosen was for heart and hand;

(4) General Thomas Dalziel of *Binus*, who was with Charles the Second at the battle of Worcester; after which he went to Russia, and entered into the service of the Czar. He returned at the Restoration; was made Commander in Chief of the forces in Scotland, and defeated the Covenanters at Rullion Green, on Pentland Hills, whence many of them fled to the glens southward, about the remarkable rock S. E. from New-Hall House, called the *Harbour-Craig*, from the protection it gave them. The site of the General's tent, marked by a ring of gray whin stones, near the House of Muir southward, from it, is still shown by the peasantry, who report him to have been a *warlock*, or wizard. A stream from the field of battle, that enters the north side of the Esk, near Roslin, is called the *Kill-burn*, and many wonderful instances of his knowledge and skill in the black art, have been invented to support the charge, and are still repeated in that quarter.—His appearance was very singular; for, he allowed his beard to grow down to his girdle; he wore a beaver hat, the brim of which was not above three inches broad; and his dress altogether was so eccentric that he never appeared in public without a crowd of boys after him. He was in great favour with Charles the Second; and seems, from what is said of him in this poem, 'in cold blood,' to have been of a gentle temper, and to have been alive when it was written, apparently soon after the Revolution in 1688.

The loyal Tweeddale blades for to command, (5)
 As is his due, we rank him first in place,
 For his rare charms of body, mind, and face.
 Young STENHOP, our lieutenant, bravely can
 Approve himself a stout and prudent man; (6)
 WHITSLEID, our cornet, looks like much discre-
 tion,
 And values as his life his reputation. (7)
 Our *Quarter-Master* has a gentle mien,
 He's diligent, and to his pith he's keen. (8)
 What shall I say of our three Brigadiers,
 But that they are incapable of fears,
 Of strength prodigious, and of looks so froward,
 Thas every glowr they give would fright a coward.*
 To view but HAIRHOP's great red Roman nose,
 Would flee a rebel's heart into his hose.
 Strong are his bones: his looks they are so big,
 That every word he speaks would kill a *Whig*. (9)
 Kind CALINS with his Cutlugs next appears,
 The second of our warlike brigadiers:
 His arms like Samson's, and with every leg
 That might a rammer be to great *Mons-Meg*. (10)

(5) *Hay* of Drummelzier. See for the names, &c. of the proprietors, and other circumstances alluded to in the poem. *Dr Pennecuik's Works*, with notes. See also the curious *Master-Roll and Weapon-Shewing*, from them, inserted here after *Lintoun Green*.

(6) *Sir David Murray* of Stanhope, father to the *Pretender's Secretary*.

(7) *Dickson* of Whitsleid, afterwards, it would appear, joined to the *Kilbucho estate*.

(8) Perhaps, *Tweedie* of Quarter.

(9) *Brown* of Harehope. — 'A *Whig*;' a Free-Monarchist; Calvinist, Covenanter, Presbyterian, Puritan, Sectary. See note to *Lintoun Green*, p. 90, Canto ix.

(10) *Baillie* of Calens, formerly *Cowthbrople*. — 'He rode, upon a cut-lugged horse;' (on the margin of the poem, in the old edition of 1715) — 'Mons-Meg,' from *Mons* in Flanders, whence it is named, is a very large ancient piece of ordnance, not very long ago, transported from the Castle of Edinburgh to the Tower of London. It is of an enormous bore, and form-

Where can we find a squire so strong and missy
 As our old veteran soger Captain **CASSIE**?
 Who dare break through whole troops without re-
 morse,
 Like fire and sword, wer't not his pissing horse. (11)
 Stout **CARLOPS** strode a gallant milk-white
 steed (12)
 His neighbour 'SPITAL near, with pawky head. (13)

No cure nor comfort want we in its kind,
 To give content to body or to mind;
 For **DOCTOR PENNECUK** is our Physician,
 And Kickmileerie Fiddler's our musician:
 The Doctor's courage none I think dare doubt,
 'Tis known he sheds more *blood* than all the
 troop. (14)

ed of pieces of iron, fitted together lengthways, and hooped with iron rings; this being the plan of all the first pieces of artillery, which, succeeding the battering engines of the ancients, were employed, like them, in throwing stones of a prodigious weight. Its figure, &c. may be seen in *Græse's Military Antiquities*.

(11) *Cassie* of Kirkhouse, on the *Quair*.

(12) *Burnet* of Carlops.

(13) *Oswald* of Spittal. This and the preceding line, as belonging to the poem, were repeated by a descendant of Dr Pennecuik's son-in-law, Mr Oliphant of Lanton.

(14) On the ceiling of one of the rooms in New Hall House, called **PENNECUK'S PARLOUR**, is an oval picture, representing *Carlops* on his white horse, speaking back to *Spital* on a black one near him; *Harehope*, with his great red roman nose on his off side; *Calens* and his large legs; Captain *Cassie* seated on his straddling staling steed, on the foreground to the left; and on the right, one of the troop, in a buff coat, who had been thrown by his unruly nag, lying on his back insensible, while *Dr Pennecuik*, with his lancet, is making a jet of blood stream from his arm, water is bringing to dash upon his face, a priest is praying over his head, and old Kickmileerie the scraper, seated on a bank above, while his eyes are fixed upon him, seems so much interested in his fate, as, in his anxiety for his recovery, to forget to apply the bow to his fiddle.

Slee SPITTLEHAUGH ne'er wants his bawdy jest ;
(15)

And CRINGILTY looks just like back and breast.
(16)

POWMOOD fires brisk, but his misfortune 's so,
He hurts our friend, and ah ! he shoots too low !
(17)

CARDRONA, and the *Commissar*, are well hearted,
And, like true friends and brethren, seldom parted ;

With this design, betide them life or slaughter,
To match *Cardrona's* son with Robin's daughter. (18)

CAIRNMUIR kept still his bed, he was so wise,
Till either dirt or hunger made him rise. (19)
When careful Captain BLYTH commands the watch,

None with more courage, mettle, or dispatch,
Cries stand ! whose there ? for I'm a man of war,
So tell me whence you come, and what you are,
Or by my parchment scrolls and bonds I swear,
I'll post this bullet through thy body clear.
He was a soldier regular and sober,
And so continued till the camp was over,
For full two months and more, yet was so wise,
His speech was never laid but once or twice. (20)

(15) *Richard Murray* of Spittlehaugh ; brother to Sir Archibald Murray of Black barony.

(16) *John Murray* of Cringlelie. From the *Scots Acts Ch. II. Parl. i. c. 14. p. 167* it appears that in 1661, this place belonged to *Mr William Burnet*, in whose family it had probably long been, when acquired by this John Murray.

(17) *Hunter* of Polmood.

(18) *Walter Williamson* of Cardrona.

(19) *Lawson* of Cairnmuir.

(20) *David Plenderleith* of Blyth and Kailzie, Advocate, who seems to have stood high in Dr Pennecook's opinion — On the margin of the old impression, in 1715, is printed, with a mark of reference, by Dr Pennecook, '*David Plenderleith.*'

Young KINGSEAT was a Tory trooper then ;
 Now Stobo stipend makes him Whig again. (21)
 So frequently we see from cloak to gown,
 Prelate, and Presbyter, turn upside down.

Our brethren of the FOREST, these brave boys,
 See ! partners of our dangers, and our joys ! (22)
 There's some I swear, of that brave generous
 band,
 Deserve a whole battalion to command :
 Courageous SINTOUN, in his front he bears
 That neither man nor woman's flesh he fears.
 And GILMINSCLEUGH for strength may bear the
 crown,
 Who wrestled with a horse and threw him down ;
 And yet to tell the truth, and never wrong them,
 There's some bold rambling Shechemites among
 them,
 Who now and then dare to transgress their orders,
 And run the round alongst the English borders,
 Searching from hill to hole, fanatic lasses,
 And press production of prohibit passes.

We neither want our fighters nor our flyers, (23)

(21) *William Russel* of Kingseat, and Slipperfield, near West Lintoun, father to the widow of that Mr Oswald of Spittal, who placed the remarkable marble *Tomb-stone*, his *Hall-Table* when alive, with its singular *Epitaph*, over the grave of her husband, in the Church-yard of Lintoun, where it still remains. See the *European Magazine* for May 1809; and in *Dr Pennecuik's Works with Notes*, Of the *Lakes* in Tweeddale, Of the *North Esk*, and Of the *Iyne*. On the margin of the old edition in 1715, is printed, with a mark of reference, '*William Russel, now Minister of Stobo.*'—'*A Tory*,' a friend to unlimited Monarchy, a Jacobite, an Episcopalian, one secretly, or openly, a Papist. See note to *Lintoun Green*, p. 90, Canto ix.

(22) Of Selkirkshire, only *Scot* of Sinton, and Gilminscleugh are mentioned.

(23) *Flyters* ; scolders.

Wrights, merchants, drivers, commissars, nor
 writers;
 Surgeons, nor farriers, gardeners, smiths, nor cooks,
 Few bibles, ah ! but store of bawdy books ;
 Rochester's Poems, *Spittlehaugh* did read,
 With more delight than e'er he did his creed.

We had a tailor too, or two among us,
 To cause a plague of fleas and lice upon us ;
 We had indeed a lazy life and idle,
 Which made DRUMELLEAR read so much the
 Bible.

Many one vowed it did consist with reason,
 That HAYSTON should be punished for treason ; (24)
 Who, at the hour of midnight, to our cost,
 Raised a fray into the royal host ;
 And loudly echoed thus through all the bounds,
 " Fy, Sirs !---To horse, and arms?---The trum-
 pet sounds !"

Some, starting from their sleep, were sore af-
 frightened,
 Others had both their sense and eyes benighted :
 Some muirland men, they say, were scumming
 kirns,
 And some were toasting bannocks at the birns :
 Some on the grass lay muffled in their cloaks,
 And some were tooming their tobacco box.
 Some curs'd, some fidg'd for fear, and some did
 worse,
 Others for haste mounted their neighbour's horse ;
 Some in their boots were slumb'ring, some their
 hose,
 For none were troubled to put on their clothes :

(24) Hay of Hayston.

Some raise in haste from stools, and some from
chairs,

Not one of ten was raised from their prayers.

This man with that, in great confusion meets,

For no man tarried to spread up his sheets ;

And so amaz'd, with doubting fear and care,

Unto the Captain's standard all repair :

Where not a horse was there, but could he
spoke,

He would have cursed *Hayston* for this mock ;

Some did allege his little brain was cracked,

Some call'd him hypochondriac, some distract-
ed ;

Others, that were a little more discreet,

Call'd it a wand'ring fancy through his sleep.

The *Doctor* thought the reason of these bees,

Were vapours of sour-milk and mustie-cheese,

Which then into our camp were sov'reign fare,

All better entertainment being so rare.

But now, twice twenty days had quite expir'd,

When some had hectic purses, some were tired,

Some feared ARGYLE might rob them of their
lives,

And some thought wond'rous long to kiss their
wives.

Our noble *Captain*, to prevent these fears

And curb the insolence of mutineers,

Draws up his troop of heroes in a plain,

And thus he speaks his mind, in martial strain :

" Soldiers, and Gentlemen. This, I must tell
you,

Before ARGYLE, and his *Fanatics* fell you,

Stand to your standard ; keep your reputation,

And mind the honour of your shire and nation ;

We fight for no fantastical persuasion,

We arm against unnatural invasion ;

We fight the bloody authors of our evils,

Who speak like saints, but counter-act like devils:

So, if you flee, I'll mark you to your cost,
Shameful deserters of the royal host;
Which our renown'd ancestors, with good reason,
By law have ever punished as treason."

Then KAILLIE claws his shoulders, swears, and damns,

"Must I not clip my *sheep*; and spane my lambs!

I'll turn my tail on *Friday*, without fail ye,
In spite of all the troop, or Devil take *Kaillie*."
And yet, for all this heat, and firry farry,
Good, honest Kaillie to the last did tarry.

When *frank* MASS JOHN came first into the camp,

With his fierce flaming sword, none was so ramp,
He look'd like Mars, and vow'd that he would stand

So long's there was a rebel in the land.

He rhym'd, he sung, he jocund was and frolic,

Till Enoch Park gave Master John the colic;

And so of all the troop there was not one

That turned his tail so soon as *frank* Mass John.

He was tent-reader of our service-book;

And poet too with help of *Pennecuik*;

He was our writer, advocate, and clerk,

Till Ettrick fear, and that of Enoch Park,

Quite turn'd his tune with the poor English Friar

To rhyme *De planctu cudo* in the rear. (25)

(25) Cringletie, Cairnmuir, Hayston, and Mass John, of all those unfortunately under the lash of Dr Pennecuik's muse, in this poem, seem to have been treated with the least ceremonious jocularity.

Now let us all with concord pray and sing,
GOD'S NAME BE PRAISED! and LORD REFORM
OUR KING! (26)

(26) *King James the Seventh of Scotland, and Second of England*; who, it appears, when this was written, was dethroned, and in France, otherwise it would never have ended in the way it does, while James was in power. Dr Penne-
cuik's ironical '*Panegyrick*,' ridiculing the Tories and Pre-
latists, must have followed the glorious REVOLUTION, and ac-
companied his poetical '*Address to the Prince of Orange*,' as
Butler's inimitable satire on the Whigs and Presbyterians in his
'*Hudibras*,' had attended the RESTORATION OF CHARLES
THE SECOND, afterwards so happily celebrated by Ramsay in
his delightful Pastoral Comedy, '*The Gentle Shepherd*,' for the
admirable plot of which he is said to have been indebted to our
author. See *Dr Pennecuik's Works, with Notes*. The editor of
the prose in this edition, with *Notes*, had no concern in the pub-
lication of the poems, in which, through ignorance and inabi-
lity to see its history, some literary coxcomb, by way of cor-
rection, has substituted, at the conclusion of this '*Panegyrick*,'
Lord bless and save our King, for 'and Lord Reform our
King!' This last expression, however, could not have been in-
serted with safety, had it been written and made public in 1685,
or at any time previous to the Revolution, to compliment which,
the Prince of Orange and the Whigs, by ridiculing the infa-
tuated reign of the last of the House of Stuart, like '*Hudibras*'
formerly in favour of Charles the Second, and the Cavaliers
and Tories, it had evidently been composed.

2

LINTOUN GREEN,

A P O E M,

IN NINE CANTOS.

— Bacchæ Satyrique sequuntur :
Quique senex ferula titubantes ebrîas artus
Sustinet ; et pando non fortiter hæret assello.
Quacunque ingrederis clamor juvenilis, et una ;
Femineæ voces, impulsaque tympana palmis,
Concavaque æra sonant, longoque foramine buxus.
Ov. Met. iv. 25.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

LINTOUN, in *Regent Morton's time*, a *pendicle of Dalkeith*.—In 1585, a *rendezvous of the rebel Lords*, in the continued conspiracies against *James's favourites*, after the *Raid of Ruthven*.—*Positions of the Lintoun houses*.—*Duke of Monmouth*—*Earl of Argyll*.—their rebellion.—*Militia* called out;—*Tweeddale* and *Selkirkshire Troop*;—*Sutors of Selkirk*.—their bravery at *Flowden-field*.—*Andrew Bryden*.—*Jack of Newbury*.—*Peebles' Borrow-Muir*, and the *King's-Muir*, a part of it, where the *Troop* had met;—formerly the theatre of '*Peebles at the Play*,'—what the famous plays of *Peebles* were.—*The Lintoun Company*.—their *Captain* described,—*Lieutenant* described,—where born and bred,—other *Officers*.—the thickness of their *skulls*.—the uses of them and their *Company's*, should *battering rams* be revived.—*Roll* called;—the *hirsell* ordered to *Leadlaw*.—march from thence through the town to the green,—their parents exult at their triumphs and sights at *Peebles*.—what they did, and saw there;—the *Cross*.—the *effigies* of the late *Giffard's wife*, and her five children, there;—the *smiddy*;—the green.—The green described,—its uses and appearance;—the *Markets* where held,—what brought to them, and by whom;—the *Grassy brae* beyond the *Lyne*, betwixt the market-height and the green,—is used by the children for rolling down sideways, in the play of *Rockety-Row*; and for sliding, seated on a *sheep's skull*, in that of *Hurly-Hacket*.—The *Captain* arrives on the green,—is almost crushed to death by the mob,—his speech and exclamations on the occurrence.

C A N T O I.

WAS never seen in LINTOUN TOWN, (1)

Since e'er it had a Fair,
Sic crowds a' rinnan' up and down,
And through it sic repair,
As was that Market day in June ;
It had næ room to spare,
Ilk neuk and close was fill'd sae soon,
Ilk room ta'en up sae ear'

Wi' fo'k that day;

Even when a hundred years before,

Appended to Dalkeith,
It such attractions had in store,
Amidst its moors and heath,
As to invite the Lords that bore
Grace with Elizabeth,
And James had banished heretofore,
Its shelter underneath

Their plots to lay. (2)

At ilka gavel, tae the street,
The auld anes, leanan' stood ;
'Tween stick and wa' they keep their feet,
The hurry heats their blood ;
They crack and blaw whene'er they meet,
They're a' in merry mood ;

(1) See, in Dr Pennecuik's Works, the Description of Tweeddale, by him and Mr Forbes of New-Hall, 'of the Lyne,' for a description of Lintoun, the Sub-Metropolis of Tweeddale: Also, the scenery edition of *The Gentle Shepherd*; and the *European Magazine*, May 1809.—The houses are built in the Danish fashion, with their gables to the street, and narrow closes or lanes between them.

(2) See Spotiswood's Church Hist. Lib. vi. Thence, by the Thief-Road, or Cauldstane-slack, they surprized, and brought the King to terms, at Stirling, obliging him to dismiss his favourite, and receive themselves.

The cankart carline e'en look'd sweet
 Frae out beneath her hood,
 And gleg that day, (3)

'Twas when the Duke of Monmouth rose,
 Supported by Argyll;
 Though 'gainst the Covenanters chose,
 By Charles to fight ere while,
 The Duke had with them come to blows,
 Abandon'd its defile,
 At Bothwell Brig defeated those
 Who thought that Sharp in stile
 Was made away:

'Twas when they both from Holland came,
 'Gainst tyranny to fight,
 To try a priest-rid Bigot's claim,
 To govern wrong or right;
 When Scots and English were so tame,
 For James they show'd their might,
 First those, for him, Argyll o'ercame,
 To these, though their delight,
 Monmouth gave way.

All the militia of the land,
 When call'd out fast appeared,
 Then were they under such command,
 And royalty so feared.
 Among the rest that forward stand,
 The Tweeddale Sheep new sheared,
 And Selkirk Sutors made a band,
 Their rusty firelocks cleared,
 And quick obey.

The Selkirk Sutors aff their stools,
 Ill-sitten but at the best,

(3) "Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row,
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show."
 Pope, *Iliad* xviii.

In dirt haste raise, flang down their tools,
 Declaring for the Test; (4)
 For him, though priest-rid, marched, that rules;
 Pipes playing as they prest,
Sutors of Selkirk, t' win the dools,
And Flowers of the Forest.
 Loud all the way.

By these their tunes kept high in glee,
 In mind of former deeds,
 They *Flowden Field* before them see,
 Still *Andrew Bryden* leads; (5)
 From Tweeddale Sheep to bear the gree,
 Ilk Sutor northward speeds,
 And fears *beyond his last* to be,
 When fighting danger breeds,
 No more than they;

(4) The Test of 1681, required from all who held any offices under Government, ecclesiastical, civil, or military, by James the 11d, when Duke of York, and sent as High Commissioner to Edinburgh, by his brother Charles the 11d. See the Poem in Dr Pennecuik's Works intitled "The Tragedy of the Duke do Alva," alias "Gray Beard."

(5) The town clerk of Selkirk, whose name was Andrew Bryden, marched to the field of Flowden at the head of eighty sutors, and other tradscmen of the town; only seven of that number returned from the field of battle. The town clerk was one who was knighted upon the occasion for his gallant behaviour; and they brought with them two standards, one of which is in the possession of the incorporation of weavers in the burgh at this time, and the other in the possession of the town council. From the celebrated battle of Flowden the antient songs of the '*Sutors of Selkirk*,' and the '*Flowers of the Forest*,' took their rise. The few who escaped, found, on their return, in the forest of Ladywoodedge, the wife of one of their brethren lying dead, and her child sucking her breast. Thence the town of Selkirk obtained for their arms, a woman sitting upon a sarcophagus, holding a child in her arms; in the back-ground a wood; and on the sarcophagus the arms of Scotland.

Or sing'd head, feet, or fleece should get,
 Should all the clans combine,
 Argyll, or Highlander, to whet
 Their dirks, should they incline
 To come that way.

Drumelzier 'mang them bore the gree,
 Their drum to beat alarms;
 Next, staring Stanhope, t' hap and gee!
 That summer never warms,
 Appear'd, with stalking slow coupee,
 Wi's lang chin, legs, and arms,
 'Twixt Tweeddale drum and Tweeddale dree,
 To keep the Flock from harms,
 Argyll at bay.

On the King's-Muir they had of horse,
 A troop of bold dragoons,
 Of battering rams of warlike force,
 With voices like bassoons;
 But footmen faring somewhat worse,
 Not favour'd with such boons,
 Their fashions fitted to their purse,
 And call'd them lazy loons,
 That rode t' a fray.

Of Tweeddale's SUB-METROPOLIS,
 Such were the loyal lads,
 In zeal, than those not more remiss,
 Though walking like their dads,
 They'd volunteer'd their services,
 To join the Popish squads,
 As if Argyll had done amiss,
 And James done nothing bad,
 Nor gone astray.

Commanded by a Captain, low
 In stature more than mind,

With face as round as any O,
 And of the messen kind,
 Delighting in parade and show,
 Where'er he could it find,
 Though from a midden's height to crow,
 To lead, though 'mongst the blind,
 Give smile for bā-ā!

They had a wise Subaltern too,
 More fit to lift than leap,
 That gave his Captain honours due,
 And order helpt to keep;
 A drummer beat, a fifer blew,
 With music shrill and deep;
 A serjeant and his corp'ral drew
 Strict order frae the heap,
 When muster'd gay.

Twa tups, near Lintoun lamb'd and bred,
 Wi' sponces black as pick,
 Their Captain and Lieutenant led,
 Wi' polls that were sae thick,
 If us'd old battering rams instead,
 They could a rampart quick,
 Should on a fort assault be made
 Of timber, stone, or brick,
 Soon level lay;

And should their rams, join'd from their rear,
 A general charge to give,
 At once upon the bulwark bear
 That must their shock receive,
 How strong each scull was would appear,
 From marks they there would leave,
 The opening wide ilk head could clear,
 The joints their crowns would cleave,
 In making way.

The Captain wore a sheep-skin coat
 With collet, and rapier,
 His shed hair down his cheeks was brought
 Straight over either ear;
 And least his little helm should not
 To half the crowd appear,
 He mark'd where he was to be sought
 By thrice his height, a spear
 He bore that day : (11)

A man, red check'd, wi' fringe and dice,
 He o'er his showthers drew,
 At's right side tied in knot fu' nice,
 Wi' bugths and ends in view;
 He'd flame-like gushets, to his thighs
 Half up, on stockings blue;
 Bright yellow thrumbs, at ilk knee, vies,
 Wi' rose on ilka shoe,
 In bunches gay.

The great Lieutenant's warlike suit,
 To make Argyll afraid,
 Was two large pistols, monstrous boots,
 A sheep-head sword, gray plaid;
 In's bonnet braid a wig he'd put,
 Of such a length and shade,
 Like tails from four black wedders cut,
 And on his shouthers laid,
 It seem'd that day:

Th' enormous tails descended down,
 His boots rose up his thighs,
 'Most met them, half way from his crown,
 And balanc'd them in size ;

(11) Sheep-skin: a buff coat of sheep's *leather*—Helm, or steel bonnet. See Dr Pennecuik's works, 'of the Tweed, note with the Roll, and Weapon Showing on the King's-Muir' in 1627, for the military appointments of those days in Tweeddale.

His wig his Captain for a gown,
 In frost, could not despise ;
 And, if on guard, one boot, slit down,
 For's sentry-box would prize;
 If rain'd the day :

The Captain's gear was all new bought,
 Or frae's ain woo' or hides,
 Wi' cash his hogs, and crocks, had brought,
 And ewe-milk cheese besides ;
 But the Lieutenant borrowed ought,
 As fortune to it guides,
 His wig for Baillie Hodge was wrought,
 His boots for smugglers' rides,
 Goods to convey.

That a' his braws, as bright's a jay,
 Might not, unseen, be lost ;
 To show the heroes caus'd dismay
 To Campbell, to his cost ;
 That at their head he might display
 His grandeur and his host,
 How's great Lieutenant did obey,
 O' a' the tups, his boast
 For size that day ;

On this third Market day in June,
 The occasion not to lose,
 Benorth, upon the flat aboon,
 As most conspicuous,
 The Captain, all, about the town,
 Each strung like a wild-goose,
 To be drawn up, and then marched down,
 Had ordered, past each house
 To th' Green that day.

The Serjeant warned, and then went up,
 As bid, to call the roll,

When not a single Lintoun tup
 Was wantin' of the whole;
 They were sae glad, frae closses whup:
 Fu' thick, at ance a shal
 Wi' weapons cam, hap, stap, and loup,
 And each wi' glaiked poll,
 To show away;

Wi' firelocks, some without a flint,
 Some without locks at a';
 Some wanting ramrods, they had tint,
 And some that wadna' draw;
 For guns, wi' pistols some there went,
 Maist match for matchlock sma';
 The spearmen, some wi' speets, ahint,
 Thence speed toward Leadlaw, (12)
 Too, fast that day:

As Gabriel Gash, drest like a fright,
 Frae the town-head up hied,
 Whan speer'd gif he ran there to fight,
 'Yēs, yēs!--O, yēs!' he cried:
 Is, risen again, Argyll in sight?
 Tam Tyke, 'yēs, yēs!' replied.
 E'en call'd to face to left, or right,
 Before, to do't, they tried,
 'Yēs, yēs!' they bā-ā;

Tae ken a Lintoun sheep at ance,
 True Twathal a' the year,
 You need not use another sense,
 If you can only hear;
 For if you meet the brute by chance,
 And civil question speer,
 He'll show himself, for certain, hence,
 Impertinent howe'er,
 Yēs, yēs! he'll bā-ā:

(12) Leadlaw, a hill, northward, near Lintoun. See Dr Pennecuik's Works.

They stood in rows, like whapies doiled, (19)

Set up upon their ends;

Some had their clothes already soil'd;

Their names some scarcely kend;

The serjeant oft with anger boil'd,

When they did not attend;

To sort and size them, sair he toil'd,

Though aft 'twas in the end

Time thrown away;

Frank Fartleberry was sae fat,

Ralph Rot sae bow'd and lean,

Sim Sturdy was sae stiff and squat

Wi's gleed auld warlock een,

Lang Sickness sized them when he sat

Pate Pock and him between;

The hogs, if reprimanded, grat; (14)

Yet a' march'd to the Green.

In grand array:

The auld anes were sae proud to see

Their sons grown musketeers,

Their daughters braw sae fu' o' glee,

And followan' in their rears,

Their drums and din made them sae spree,

Ilk carle, and grannie speers,

Whar to they're gaan', fain near to be,

Whan rattled wi' bandoleers

Their bairns that day;

Their bairns, that at the wars had been,

At their Metropolis;

At least had dared Argyll, and, keen,

Showed courage not the less;

(13) Whelps confused.

(14) Hogs are sheep so called, from the time they are weaned, till first shorn.

Had Peebles, and its wonders seen,
 And a' repeated thrice ; (15)
 On the King's-Muir, beyond its green,
 Had met, which famous is

For *Peebles' Plays*.

So, in a hirsle, frae the north,
 They a' the Cross gaed past ;
 Whar Giffard's mate o' meikle worth,
 Stands tapering like a mast ;
 O' bairns, first, second, third, and fourth,
 She'd round her too, at last
 A fifth high on her head shone forth,
 Expos'd to every blast

Ilk windy day :

She was the late Laird Giffard's wife,
 A much beloved dame,
 That with her husband ne'er had strife,
 And Euphan Veitch her name ;
 Carved by his chisel to the life,
 Their pedestal the same,
 Their children's round her statue rife,
 All, at the Cross, proclaim

The Giffard sway. (16)

Whan by the Smiddy they had gane,
 The cross, the booths, and lasses
 To see their lads that fill'd the lane,
 And clear'd the narrow passes,
 The corner house's guarding stane
 They turn'd a', then, in masses,
 And to the open Green fu' fain,
 That cover'd 'maist wi' grass is,

They cam that day.

(15) Three streets; three ports; three bridges; three churches; three steeples; three mills; and in its arms three salmon.—See Dr Pennycuik's works, *Description of Tweeddale*.

(16) See the Notes on Dr Pennycuik's works.

This common-good, the town's resort,
 Is used in various ways :
 To walk ; to talk ; to strive ; to sport ;
 To preach ; to stand and gaze ;
 To list', to true, or false report,
 What each about it says ;
 While youth, by feats, displays its forte ;
 And lasses bleach their clai's,

Here, singing gay:

On t'other side of this bright howm,
 The Lyne runs circling round,
 Whose waters down the valley roam,
 That at Romanno's found ;
 The Green, from western blasts that come,
 Oft saves yon rising ground,
 Where's paid at Market many a sum,
 And numerous flocks abound

For sale that day,

Frae hethery hills, baith far and near,
 Wi' tups, ewes, hogs, and lambs ;
 Where store of storemasters appear,
 As rugged as their rams ;
 Where, sideways, freed frae school and fear,
 Their hands clapt to their hams,
 Wanes, *Rockety-row*, fast rolling steer,
 Like drunkards fu' o' drams,

Down its green brae ;

Or, named frae Stirling's " heading hill"
 Adjoining to its castle,
 To the blithe clack of Brig-house mill,
 And the Lyne's merry bustle,
 Upon a gimmer's hornless scull, (17)
 For which they brawl and justle,

(17) Brig-house mill, at a bridge over the Lyne, a little above Lintoun. Ewes are called gimmers, between the first and second time they are shorn. The amusements of Hurly-hacket is noticed by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount ; and by Walter Scott in his notes on the Lady of the Lake:

Slide rapid down, with shout and yell,
At *Hurly-hacket*, wrestle

Then for't, in play.

Their valiant Captain now arrived,
Wi' his great aid-de-camp,
Who weel for him a passage strived
To open through the thrang,
Though 'maist he was of him deprived,
Ere, frae the mob amang,
Within the ring (sae close they hived,
O' them was sic a bang,)

He got that day:

The circle gain'd, sighs he, ' before
' I ne'er got such a squeeze !
' My ribs ! my bones ! I'm all so sore !—
' I'm so bedaub'd with grease !—
' Ere I come to review them more,
' Unless I pass with ease,
' Shall warlike William reach our shore !
' shall James seek western breeze,
And fly away,

' When, unprotected by our arms,
' And military skill,
' That him, as yet, have saved from harms,
' And from impending ill,
' Exposed to other such alarms
' From western highland hill,
' He sees the Covenanted swarms
' Again left to rebel

Without dismay !

' Though Monmouth, when he'd done his best,
' Before, did not succeed ;

- Argyll, his friend, not break the Test ;
 - And forfeit each his head !
- Faugh ! what rank smells !—I once was drest—
 - From off my clothes proceed !
- From tar, and tallow, 't might be guest
 - 'Mong sheep well smear'd indeed
 - I've been to day !

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Lintoun Company exercise on the Green,—attract the Lairds, Portioners, and others, to the spot;—also Mr Peter Pork, the Lintoun Boar,—the origin of his nick-name,—the Lintoun Boar described;—Mr Nicol Nicot, the Newland's Ass arrives,—the origin of his nick-name,—the Ass described;—he sees the Boar,—recollects that he had outwitted him,—gets into a fury at the sight of him, and his sty out of which he had been sup-
planted by him—he addresses the Boar,—and seizes him by the ear.—The Captain, and his Lieutenant's behaviour on the parade;—the Captain is left by the mob—his mortification,—is deserted by all but his Lieutenant,—his deportment on the occasion, he dismisses his company,—and withdraws from the Green in a pet.—Whistland Will Hash passes through the Green,—stops on hearing grumphy's squeels,—his mode of expressing his entertainment at the Boar's situation,—the advantage he proposes to draw from the recital of the adventure,—his losses,—the way in which he tries to retrieve them,—the unfortunate issue of his attempt—his resolution as to his future conduct,—leaves the Green.*

CANTO II.

SCARCE had the loyal Lintoun lads
 Begun to exercise,
 When Lairds and Portioners, in squads, (1)
 Came down to feast their eyes;

(1) Larger and smaller proprietors.—Small proprietors abound in and about Lintoun, and are called Portioners: Some of them, in ridicule, from their affected importance, get the title of Laird; as 'Laird Giffard,' of Lintoun celebrity.

Carles left their saddles, auld wives their pads,
 Ilk to the green haugh hies ;
 Like coosers daft were Lintoun dads,
 Or cattle stung by flies

In swarms, that day :

Frae Brig-house-mill and Leadlaw heights
 The Lairds attend the show ;
 The Portioners appear in flights,
 As from the town they flow ;
 Out frae his roof, 'mongst other wights,
 Too, PETER PORK must go ;
 So forth he comes to see the sights,
 And all the news to know

In town that day:

This learned jeeg our Lintoun had,
 As like his reverence
 As e'er a child was to its dad,
 And next in consequence,
 As proud and short, weell stuffed and clad,
 Who from his audience,
 Their teacher first, a numerous squad,
 Got more obedience,

With greater sway,

Than even the little great Mass John
 His precepts lead before,
 But for his preparation
 And previous care and lore,
 That on his congregation
 Lost labour would deplore,
 Our rising generation
 Yclep'd the *Lintoun Boar*,

When jesting gay ;

Though, when, within the school-house gate,
 All underneath his power,

With books in hands, on lengthen'd seat,
 They, at their lessons, cower,
 With taws held ready them to rate, (2)
 Before the parting hour,
 Nor Boar, nor Bore, is in a pate, (3)
 Nor aught but spelling, sour,

The A, B, C,

There giving him, obsequiously,
 His honours, every ounce,
 They, *Maister Pork*, most courteously,
 His proper name, pronounce;
 As others pertinaciously
 Howe'er, both wit, and dunce,
 Will not the *Boar*, facetiously,
 For Peter Pork, renounce,

These we'll obey.

At hand, just o'er the Lyne, in view,
 This piggy's sty was plac'd;
 Of grice liv'd in it, young, a few,
 A lean white sow it grac'd:
 The Boar was round as any clue,
 Was smooth and simper fac'd,
 In height about some four feet two,
 Tho' bald, affected taste,

And minc'd away;

' Indeed !---Ah !---Reely !---Strange !---Is't so !---
 ' Indeed !---Most wonderful !---Indeed !'
 Were chief' the lengths that he could go,
 Or in discourse proceed ;

(2) Taws ; a slip of leather slit two-thirds up into thongs,
 for chastising with in schools.

(3) Boar, a hog ; Bore, sometimes a dull uninteresting, but
 usually, as in this instance, a teasing, disagreeable conceited
 fellow ; a two-legged puppy.

Yet was he in all things a beau,
 And carried high his head ;
 His legs, six inches long, below,
 And round as any reed,

Spread like an A :

His bonnet, blue as bumming flee
 That lays its eggs in meat,
 Of scarlet had its button wee,
 And rim vermilion neat ;
 His beard was pointed like a V, (4)
 Or W parted feat ;
 His chequered plaid reached to the knee ;
 Ilk shoe, shaped like a peat,
 Was black's a slae---

Attracted to this public scene,
 Fræ Newlands passing by,
 Got NICOL NICON to the green
 With grumphy fræ his sty ;
 But scarce the Boar had Nicon seen,
 When he stole affward sly,
 And thought beyond his reach he'd been,
 When soon he heard him cry,
 'What news the day?'

Some four miles farther down the Lyne,
 Below the Dead-burn's mouth,
 Where sallow sallows it confine,
 Beyond Romanno, south,
 By Newland church's sombre shrine
 Its School for parish youth

(4) 'He would visit his mistress in a morning gown, band, short cuffs, and a peaked beard.' *Arbutnot*.—Butler describes the beard of *Hudibras* as shaped like a tile; which is that of the celebrated Earl of Essex's in his portrait among *Virtue's Illustrious Heads*; and *Camden* in his *Remains*, on surnames, mentions that a Prince of Wales was called '*Barmbruch*,' that is *Spade-bearded*. King Charles the First is always represented with a pointed or peaked beard.

His bonnet dun, to hide the dust,
 Has button either nane,
 Or sæ concealed, by dirt a crust,
 For buttonless it's ta'en ;
 The beard upon his chin is just
 Like fog upon a stane ;
 His taws are coloured, too, like rust ;
 His shoon like sods seem twain
 O' shapeless clay ;

Yet does this ass his fellows mock,
 And take an envious pride,
 By sneers, his betters to provoke,
 And o'er their failings ride ;
 Oft crow like ony bantam cock,
 Wi' his bow'd legs astride,
 When he can others' feelings shock,
 Though Midas be his guide,
 And lead the way :

FIVE GREAT MISFORTUNES ever filled
 His snool'd-like clownish head,
 And there, fermenting, were distilled
 On every word and deed ;
 In these reciting, only, skilled,
 He could with ease proceed ;
 From these, how grumphy he maist killed,
 What mischief they could breed,
 We'll see this day ;

How, conqueror and victor too,
 Confiding in his name,
 As Cæsar sly from Nicon's drew,
 He gained immortal fame ;
 How, Nicol Nicon telling true,
 A double portion came
 Of fortune's favours him to woo,
 At last, to drive baith shame
 And grief away ;

For he had held the piggy's post,
 Great Lintoun's letter-gae,
 And had been jockeyed to his cost,
 Which made him oft look wae,
 Which made him suffer many a roast,
 Which made him boil and bray,
 When grumphy, now so fat, him crost,
 His sty, once *his*, so gay
 Before him lay.—

Arrested thus, with hanging ears,
 The Boar cam' dodging back,
 Tho' he return'd oppress'd with fears,
 And with a motion slack;
 Yet notwithstanding on he steers,
 Just like a fu' meal sack,
 And up his little snout he rears,
 'Indeed!' says he, 'good lack!
 You here to-day!'

'Yes!' bray'd, with scowling look, the Ass,
 Then took him by the lug,
 'Although you have a face of brass
 'You're but a dirty pug!
 'Or pig! if that's your common-pass!
 'I neighbour have you snug!—
 'O do not,' Grumphy squeel'd, 'alas!
 'So hard dear Nicol rug,
 'Or pinch, I pray?'

Determin'd there to leave a mark,
 He squeez'd though wi' sic force,
 He made the Boar mad staring stark,
 And skirl till he was hoarse;
 Till colliers loud began to bark,
 To bend to him their course;
 The herds, the rippet to remark,
 And rin wi' a' their force

To see the fray:

As fast they ran as for a brews,
 When each would other pass ;
 Or, as of old, the favoured Jews,
 When hurrying in a mass
 To give cross Balaam's help his dues
 By worshipping an ass ;
 For idol calf, a hog to use ; (10)
 To treble join with bass,
 And squeel, and bray.

The Captain now had room to show
 His round milk-paritch face,
 To swim about, and point his toe
 With elegance and grace ;
 His big Lieutenant did not so,
 Come aff another race,
 Wi' brose and kail weell stuf, but slow,
 He jogged, frae place tae place,
 Wi' humph ! and ha-a !

Till, at the last, deserted quite
 By a', but their ain men,
 The Captain mortified, wi' spite
 Now took the sulks again !
 He wheel'd to th' left—he wheel'd to th' right—
 But saw admirers nane,
 Except his muckle man o' might,
 Beside him, a' his lane
 Like bullock stray ;

Though, bolt upright, erect he stood,
 Intent an eye to catch,
 Or from a bonnet, or a snood,
 Back-looking from the batch,

(10) See Le Clerc's *Genesis on Circumcision*, and the *Fragments of Petronius*—

'Judæus licet et porcinam nomen adorât,
 'Et celli (i. e. Asini) summas advocet aurículas ;' &c.

In vain one arm with's lance, a rood, (11)
 Propt level at the stretch,
 The other, kimbo'd, round he bow'd,
 That side made like an H,

And this a P:

Than even the former disrespect,
 By crushing crowd beset,
 To him much worse was this neglect
 Wi' whilk they paid their debt;
 Which e'er extreme the mob affect,
 He only humblings met;
 At last, 'Port arms!----dismiss!-Direct'!
 He cried, in grievous pet,

And turn'd away.

Aff flew the lads, with musket each,
 To see the lettergaes,
 So eager all the scene to reach
 They made to it a race;
 Ilk to his Captain's turn'd his breech,
 Quite toom was left his space,
 Whilst fill'd the air, 'twixt every screech,
 Around their favourite place,
 Shouts! yamphs! and ba-as!

The Ass, though, firmly kept his hold,
 And still maintain'd his post,
 Whilst, strutting off, the Captain bold
 The green, unheeded, crost
 Without a follower, young, or old,
 Of which to make a boast,
 Unless, of oily grampus mold,
 The squire he had not lost
 Throughout the day----

(11) A rood in length.

Big, rovan', randy, whistlan' Will,
 That coarse unfeeling beast,
 That for his skin his horse will kill,
 A knife thrust in his breast,
 Worked out, and starved, his life-blood spill,
 And at his torments jest,
 When flayed, his carcase sell to fill
 A kennel, hounds to feast,

Now pass'd this way:

Long had there slid a humble sled
 Below his horse's tail,
 Which, by a back, a car he'd made,
 Tae ha'd on peats, or ale;
 At last a cart, on axle laid,
 Fixt to twa wheels, though frail,
 O' solid wood, it trundling gaed
 O'er thief roads, hill, and dale, (12)

But laigh's a dray:

He stops, on hearing Grumphy's squeels,
 His crazy horse and cart,
 Proclaiming loud the joy he feels,
 By blowing out a f---t;
 In cavies poultry, eggs in creels,
 Each by themselves apart,
 Salt, herrings, calves tied by the heels,
 Forgot, he yields his heart

To the affray:

Whilst he was glowing at the sight,
 His mouth drawn strait and purs'd,
 His e'en stretched wide to see a' right,
 And cheeks blown like to burst,

(12) An old track called the 'Thief Road' runs the whole length of Tweeddale, from south to north passing through Lintoun, up the Lyne, and by the Caulicstan-slap at the west end of the Pentland hills.

Collecting keen, and stowan' tight,
 Ilk item, last and first,
 To be retailed, near ingle bright,
 For what would slake his thirst,
 And hunger lay,

A slee, mischievous, pawky rogue,
 Behind his cawie stole,
 And getting to its door *incog*,
 The slide that shut the hole
 Drew up, and bawling with a brogue,
 In funny accents droll,
 Let's now the barracks disembogue !
 Come Serjeant, call the roll ?
 Ran quick away :

No sooner did the garrison
 Find their egression free,
 Than making no comparison
 'Twixt it and liberty,
 They rushed, without caparison,
 The weak, strong, big, and wee,
 Like felons broke from a prison,
 Or rakes from brothel ree,
 Each his own way :

Soon like a weell-stock'd poultry yard,
 Now Lintoun Green appears,
 And, chucky ! wheety ! burdy ! burd !
 Pow ! pow ! assail the ears : (13)
 Whilst cackles, quacks, and blusterings, heard,
 Join squeels from Grumphy's fears ;
 Loud crowing cocks strut thither ward,
 And hither musketeers,
 In proud array.

(13) Chucky ! wheety ! pow ! pow ! cries used to call in
 hens, ducks, and turkies.

Whan hallanshaker Hash look'd round

To see what was the strow,
And th' open cavie empty found,
First, dazed, he clawed his pow,
For from all quarters issued sound,
Then, mumbling 'bow, wow, wow!'
He stood, like when at fault a hound,
Wi's hair like touzied tow,

Or bottled strae;

Ere long to raging fury rais'd

By cackles, quacks, and crows,
He roar'd, and pranc'd about, bombaz'd,
But where to run scarce knows,
Ae hand his breeks behind uprais'd,
The other forward goes,
Like horn of snail on's forehead plac'd,
To guard and lead its nose,

And grope its way:

Near a cot door, ayont the green,

High on a midden, stood
A braw crouse cock as cou'd be seen,
Wi' hens round him a crowd;
Soon catching whistlan' Will's wild een,
And's lugs by's crawings loud,
Like Reynard, darting at them keen,
To seize the numerous brood

He made essay;

But scarce, his losses up to mend,

He well had thus begun,
Of others careless, to attend,
Alone, to number one,
Ambition's height to try t' ascend,
Had up its margin won,
When to his waist, or e'er he kend,
'Midst muck and soil a tun,

He felt dismay;

The cottar and his wife came out,
 Too, furious, in a rap,
 To save their hens, and sultan stout,
 Or lose their blood ilk drap,
 When finding Reynard on his rout,
 To snatch them, in a trap,
 They both attack him wi' a shout,
 Increase his foul mishap,
 And on him lay;

He bash'd his face wi's steeked neeves,
 She scolded wi' her tongue,
 Her auldest son, whilst she him deaves,
 Thrash'd on him wi' a rung,
 Their wecest weecane even at him heaves
 Great clarts o' shairn and dung;
 Whilst, lair'd, he roar'd 'relieve's! relieve's!
 Dirt, sticks, stanes, at him flung,
 Thick on him play;

Till scarce wi' ee that could be seen,
 Not wide as heretofore;
 Wi' cheeks, like baps, not over lean,
 Or buttocks buttered o'er;
 Wi' breeks and bonnet, neither clean;
 Wi' ribs and shoulders sore;
 Wi' coat all yellow, black, and green,
 And stinking, soil'd, and tore,
 He got away.

Now glad to get less than his ain,
 Let others' fowls alone,
 He of them gathers what remain,
 And, whistlan', journeyed on,
 Resolv'd to shun such sights again,
 Of cares to mind his own,
 Though fewer tales he should retain,
 And thereby lose a bone
 To pick some day.

THE ARGUMENT.

Overcome by his piteous squeels, the Ass lets the Boar free.----The Boar resolves on bloody vengeance ;---on second thoughts he represses his fury, and calls for an explanation.----The exercising being ended, Balaam's friend prepares to give it, ---the musketeers keep order.----Lintoun Kirk described,---with a steeple, without a clock,---its bell, bad preacher, congregation, and service on Sundays.----Laird Giffard's melodious voice from the inside of the window of his nest in the loft,---his dress, how long used, and why he chose black,---his dexterity at curling ;---to hear Donkey's explanation, he appears in state at the window of his loft in the Kirk,---falls over,---the Newland's Ass, under him, makes a narrow escape,---he leaves his vanity behind, and returns to his nest ;---by whom, on Sundays, the nest is occupied, when Laird Giffard is absent,---the blustering midden Cock,---Partlet, and her chickens,---Chanticleer's behaviour when hen-peckt, and threatened ;---why the seat in the loft is called the Goldie's Nest,---the Nest described ;---reflections on the Laird's accident,---its effect upon him.----Donkey begins his explanatory speech---in the next Canto.

CANTO III.

At length, affected by his screams,
The Ass quits Piggy's ear
To quiet his yells, but little dreams
Of what had 'maist been near ;

For, all this while, the Boar, it seems,
 Skreigh'd less frae pain than fear,
 But, now reliev'd, wi' fury teems,
 For being affronted here

On sic a day;

His pride the place of courage fill'd,
 The danger too conceal'd,
 For, finding that he was not kill'd,
 He cunningly had squeel'd,
 And *now* resolv'd, though blood were spill'd,
 No longer thus to yield;
 Howe'er in moving pity skill'd
 To use it as a shield

'Again that day;

But though he knew, unlike Balaam's,
 This Ass bore him a grudge,
 A second thought bade him be calm
 That others might be judge;
 So, ere he tried to win the palm,
 Or from his station budge,
 Frae red, turned white, as in a qualm,
 Less keen for fame to drudge

And fight that day,

' Cuddy ! before I take redress,
 ' To all your rage give vent ?'
 Cried he ; for ' none as yet can guess
 ' The weight of your complaint ;
 ' Mean while my fury I'll repress,
 ' To listen be content ;
 ' Though I have suffer'd much distress,
 ' On bloody vengeance bent

I am this day !'

The Ass afraid, lest *the wrong sow*
He by the lug had taen,
 Was fain to make up matters now,
 And peace bring back again ;

So, to avoid another strow,
 He chose a lower strain,
 And, out frae 'neath his birsy pow,
 Began to sore complain,
 And thus to bray.—

The Kirk, wi' front the south toward,
 Advancing on the Green,
 Where some pray, weekly, to be heard,
 Some dress'd out, to be seen,
 Stands on the left, with its kirk-yard,
 The town and it between,
 Walled round, the figured tombs to guard,
 And, eastward, turns, a skreen,
 The winds away ;

To tell the hours it has no clock, (1)
 Though, for a clock, a steeple ;
 A bell on Sundays calls the flock,
 Both preacher bad, and people ;
 Those sit below wi' little stock,
 The poor, the lame, and cripple ;
 Aloft, in lofts, the gentry cock,
 Near two, each honoured triple,
 A window lay ;

Behind the pulpit, on the right,
 There graced the Patron's one ;
 Into Laird Giffard's loft, as bright,
 The other window shone,
 The Elders' seat, which made him slight,
 Though elder to Mass John,
 That there, aloft, at window light,
 His grandeur, with his crone,
 He might display.

(1) See the *Poems* in Dr Pennecnick's Works.

The tinkle o'er, wi' clink and chime
 By Bauldy Reesty rung,
 Prayers done, a psalm in Sternhold's rhyme,
 Is read out to be sung,
 The tune, frae nose whin'd forth, slow time,
 Is followed, a' gi'e tongue,
 Laird Giffard frae his nest sublime,
 Loud chants, like goldfinch young,
 At's window gay :

His coat has buttons down its skirt,
 With wide and open sleeves,
 Whence spread long ruffles frae his shirt,
 As white as lilly leaves ;
 His cravat, pure frae speck of dirt,
 A button-hole receives ;
 Clean lamb-woo' hose his garters girt ;
 Of Lintounlike the Reeve
 He seems that day ;

With wig, frae his ain gray meere's tail,
 Thick busht, like whinny kow
 Nipt round by sheep, when grasses fail,
 And heath is hid by snow ;
 With shoes, each like a hunkled snail ;
 With body like a crow ;
 With bonnet black, too, old, but hale,
 To suit an elder's pow

On Sabbath day :

This suit had saved him much expence,
 In it he looked as well,
 And portly, as his Reverence
 The Minister himsell !
 Though twenty years had passed sithence
 He'd bought it every ell,
 Of black, from its convenience,
 For church, or funeral bell,

Or holiday,

D

Or for a bonspel on the ice, (2)

Tæ ha'd the auld new year,
And hurl his channel-stane fu' nice,
Whan great he would appear,
To draw, guard, strike, or wick, he tries,
Or through a port to steer,
Or roaring up the rink he flies,
The guarded tee to clear,

And win the day ;

'Gainst Penneceuk to win the day,

And show his strength and skeell,
When on the Marfield Loch to play (3)
Convened for a bonspel,
He, like their herd, in grand array,
Their lead, or driver leal,
Yont the hog-score, straight in the way,
Warns, o' his flock, ilk chiel

His stane to lay,

While sweeping weell the sliddery space
Before't, wi' besom keen,
He strains its wished-for road to trace
The hack and tee between,
Though with becoming pride of face
And dignity of mien,
Till o'er the brouchs, the magic brace
Of circles, it is seen

By Giffard gay,

Who, by his sweeping, drew it on,
Up murmuring, to the tee,
And then beside it laid his stone,
In front, its guard to be ;

(2) Bonspel, and those that follow are terms of art in the diversion of *curling* on the ice.

(3) The Marfield Loch is on the estate of Newhall, and half-way between the villages of Lintoun and Penneceuk.

Though once, these feats he'd scarcely done,
 That filled his heart with glee,
 Whan lampand Lowrie, frae the loan ; (4)
 Gart baith, wi's driver, flee

Twa eds away !—

Whilst th' Ass was clearing his rough throat,
 The Kirk-wall at his back,
 Laird Giffard to his nest had got
 Above him in a crack ;
 Its window open'd o'er the spot,
 He lean'd out frae't in black,
 O'er keen to hear, or show his coat,
 O'er fell he wi' a whack.

Fu' sair that day :

At Cuddy's scoop-like-feet he lay,
 Just ready to begin,
 Like corby craw, or hoody gray,
 Scarce fledg'd, that frae within
 It's nest had jostled been, in play,
 And whirling wi' a spin,
 Wi' skraighs and flaffings makes a fray,
 To see and save it's skin,

He fell that day,

Soon after, wi' a divot's weight
 Ta'en frae a mossy hag,
 His bonnet, prone tae gravitate,
 And on the wig tae wag,
 Had left, wi' speed, the pertly pate,
 Unable there to lag,
 And jeezy save inviolate,
 The wind that, by its shag,

Now blew away.

(4) The loan on the north-west side of the village of Pen-
 necnick.

'Faith Grumphy,' cry'd Wull Younger's wife,
 The Lady o' Hog yards, (5)
 'That chiel's maist duin for Donkey's life,
 'Which you could weel ha'e spared!'
 On Giffard soon the jokes grew rife;
 Ill had the hoody fared;
 Had he not sought, to keep frae strife,
 Again, less hurt than scared,
 His nest that day,

The instant to his naked sconce,
 That reverence to restore,
 By dignity commanded once,
 Through it, he had before,
 Its jeezy got he could announce,
 To crush the gibes he bore,
 To make the wig silence each dunce,
 And bonnet, as of yore,
 Upon it lay:

Each Sunday sits within this nest,
 When Giffard is not there,
 A blust'ring midden Cock, it's guest,
 Shap'd like a dancing bear,
 With his loud-cackling Partle: blest;
 O vain and lofty pair!
 Whan wi' their chickens round them, drest,
 They show their feathers fair,
 The Laird away;

But Chanticleer, sae fu' o' pride
 Upon these lucky days,
 Wi's hen and 'toudies by his side,
 Here only height displays,

(5) See the *Poems* in Dr Pennecuik's works.

For, in his coop, or yard, the tide
 Runs, 'gainst him, otherways,
 There Partlet and her chickens ride,
 Hen-peckt, he little says,

And must obey;

If this fat, full-fed fugy tries
 To peep frae 'neath their wings,
 Or raise his crest, she at him flies,
 And her howtoudies brings,
 Who soon attack his face and eyes,
 Till his thick noddle rings,
 Till, as when men him threat, he flies,
 Or she him davered dings

Wi'r roundelay :

A goldie's nest it might ha'e been,
 It was sae round and warm,
 It was sae braw wi' window clean,
 A' meant for guid, not harm ;
 Thus mony a tempting birth is seen
 Should cause in us alarm,
 Lest, to enjoy it over keen,
 It prudence should disarm,

As on that day.

Laird Giffard now had prudence bought,
 And therefore priz'd it more ;
 His pride fa'n aff, he only sought
 To hear the Ass's lore ;
 The sash he opened but a thought,
 Not wide as heretofore,
 His ear but to the opening brought,
 His dress none could explore

Again that way :

- ' By him I've, as my *friend*, been trickt---
- ' Yes, as I'll show, by *him* ;
- ' That while he kindness did affect
- ' He thickening was his *saim* ; (1)
- ' While I no treachery did suspect,
- ' He fobbed my milk of cream,
- ' My bread from the left butter lick't
- ' When clean my kirk to skim

He'd made essay !---

- ' The *FIRST* of these misfortunes hear ?
- ' You know that yonder sty,
- ' This uppish scraper holds so dear,
- ' My titty built, and I ;
- ' My titty, who me kept in fear,
- ' My tongue who us'd to tie,
- ' To whom, when at a loss, if near,
- ' I often did apply

Ten times each day :

- ' When th' heritors had fixt my lot
- ' The money to collect ;
- ' And I was told, on yonder spot
- ' Yon building to erect ;
- ' The plan and estimates I got,
- ' The work too kept correct,
- ' But never dream'd my school and cot
- ' A *sty*, pigs to protect,

Would be some day.

- ' Of yonder pig-yard too, in front,
- ' The pretty Wicker-gate,
- ' My tit and I consulted on't,
- ' And wrangled ear' and late,

(1) *Saim* ; lard.

- ‘ Till she, resistless, hit upon’t,
- ‘ On which ’twas hung in state,
- ‘ To me an item yield she won’t,
- ‘ Soon after the debate

Took place that day :

- ‘ The staring Wright cam’ in a trice,
 - ‘ Wi’ his short bandy legs,
 - ‘ That looks sae draughty, and sae wise,
 - ‘ Wi’s timber, nails, and pegs ;
 - ‘ White with his paint he whitened it nice,
 - ‘ And set it on its legs ;
 - ‘ Ne’er thinking that ’twas for a grice,
 - ‘ Tit geed him cheese and eggs,
- And I his pay-

- ‘ Misfortune SECOND now came on—
 - ‘ ’Twas when I left this place ;
 - ‘ It makes me mad to think’t upon ;
 - ‘ From it the rest I trace ;
 - ‘ From yonder habitation,
 - ‘ This spot first saw my face,
 - ‘ From friends and hame scarce was I gone,
 - ‘ When follow’d me a-pace,
- Dumps, and dismay :

- ‘ This little selfish scrubbish Boar,
 - ‘ Soon got into my birth ;
 - ‘ Then he found out it yielded more
 - ‘ Than that (which caus’d some mirth)
 - ‘ I had exchang’d and left it for !
 - ‘ I’d chose, for *plenty*, dearth !
 - ‘ To dwell ’midst foes, shun’d friends in store !—
 - ‘ O ! had I in the Tairth (2)
- Been drown’d that day ! !

(2) The Tairth, or Tarth, is a muddy stream, that runs from near Dunsyre, by Dolphington and Kirkurd, into the Lyne, at Brochil Castle, about two miles below Newland’s Kirk. See Dr Pennecuik’s works.

- ‘ Misfortune THIRD, wi’ greater shame,
- ‘ Since too from worldly greed,
- ‘ And from the second cause it came,
- ‘ I, griev’d, confess must need ;
- ‘ In both I’ve been so much to blame,
- ‘ They make my heart-strings bleed,
- ‘ I’ve hurt myself, lost friends and hame,
- ‘ And been an Ass, indeed,

E’er since that day :

- ‘ Your *Purdies*, and your *Alshinders*, (3)
- ‘ High names, of ancient date ;
- ‘ Your *Youngers*, though old portioners,
- ‘ With the Hog-yards estate ;
- ‘ Your *Giffards*, famed artificers,
- ‘ Your Cross proclaims how great ;
- ‘ Had many she-parishioners
- ‘ Frae whilk tae choose a mate,

A breeder gay ;

- ‘ But, elsewhere, up my loss to make,
- ‘ Still bent on temporal gain,
- ‘ I left my tit a wife to take,
- ‘ But never had a weane !!
- ‘ A maiden stale, for lucre’s sake,
- ‘ Such was my motive then,
- ‘ Got me, poor Ass, to drag her rake,
- ‘ Yet fodder found I nane !

Alas the day !

- ‘ My beagles, hens, like kinnens het, (4)
- ‘ As every couple should,
- ‘ Of ducklings, and of chickens get,
- ‘ Of each a healthy brood ;

(3) *Alshinder*. the usual way of pronouncing the surname Alexander. See Dr Pennecuik’s works, *Of the Lyne*.

(4) Beagles ; kinnens ; Tweeddale names for ducks ; and conies, or rabbits.

- ‘ The Lyne, or Tairth, with gaud, or net, (5)
 ‘ When in a fishing mood
 ‘ If tried, if to’t with hands I set,
 ‘ More fry than trouts, for food,
 I always slay;

- ‘ Swifts, martins, swallows, yearly come,
 ‘ And in my windows build,
 ‘ Fly round for straws, and down, and loam,
 ‘ A progeny to shield;
 ‘ To burrow, sparrows thither roam,
 ‘ Fed by my oats a field,
 ‘ And find my douff, thatcht, dowie dome
 ‘ A fruitful shelter yield,

Amang the strae;

- ‘ My cat such numbers often brings,
 ‘ I drown her kits for ease,
 ‘ Although my spence with cheepings rings;
 ‘ The mice, too, so increase:
 ‘ Increase and multiply all things,
 ‘ Beasts, birds, fish, insects, trees;
 ‘ To every pair an issue clings,
 ‘ Whilst we, excepted, freeze,
 A lonely twae.---

- ‘ Misfortune FOURTH I now shall state;
 ‘ Though barren as a mule,
 ‘ I out o’ doors meet with like fate,
 ‘ There too I’ve nane tæ rule;
 ‘ For ass, nor sheep, or ear’, or late,
 ‘ A’ think me sic a fool,
 ‘ Will enter either field, or gate,
 ‘ Or coltless house, or school,
 To hear me bray:

(5) Gaud; a fishing-rod.

- ‘ In Newlands school’s deserted walls,
- ‘ No scholars now appear,
- ‘ Bare benches but attend my calls,
- ‘ For none there sit, to hear ;
- ‘ As when at home, it so befalls,
- ‘ I’ve equal want of cheer,
- ‘ There, answers but my wife my bawls,
- ‘ And echo only here

Returns a bray ;

- ‘ The spider careless round me weaves,
- ‘ From seat to seat, his line,
- ‘ Here no disturbance he receives
- ‘ His labours to decline ;
- ‘ The sombre bat its crevice leaves,
- ‘ By nature asinine ;
- ‘ Of flies, my lectures dull, bereave
- ‘ Even spiders, when they dine

Upon their prey.—

- ‘ Misfortune FIFTH has, at the last,
- ‘ My fame knocked on the head:
- ‘ None of my brays will hear the blast,
- ‘ None, printed, will them read !
- ‘ Tæ use the idle hours I past,
- ‘ That something might be made,
- ‘ Our former Primer I new cast,
- ‘ And Rudiments new laid,

On th’ A. B. C.,

- ‘ Wi’ letters borrowed fræ the Greek,
- ‘ Tæ gi’e the tones mare true ;
- ‘ That fo’k might write just as they speak,
- ‘ And readers read sæ too ;
- ‘ So that strong Alphabet, for weak,
- ‘ I had compounded new,
- ‘ By adding usefu’ eke tæ eek,
- ‘ Till every soond that blew

It could convey :

- ‘ Wi’ it my Primer first I framed ;
 - ‘ My Rudi’s, Grammar, next ;
 - ‘ My Word-buiks twæ, things kittle named ;
 - ‘ And, which me maist perplext,
 - ‘ My Dictionary (should be) famed,
 - ‘ Crooned a’ t’ explain the text ;
 - ‘ By these, our former works beshamed,
 - ‘ Their authors ’tmust have vext
- Tæ see them sæ :

- ‘ My Græco-English Alphabet
 - ‘ Was wi’ sic pooers endowed,
 - ‘ The soonds, as if tæ music set,
 - ‘ The words correctly showed ;
 - ‘ It every doobt of ootterance met,
 - ‘ And certainty bestowed ;
 - ‘ Wrote cries of joy, fear, love, regret,
 - ‘ Exactly as they flowed,
- And gimmers’ bȝ-ȝs !

- ‘ Nay, if ’twere but a crummie’s rowt !
 - ‘ The english call a low !
 - ‘ ’Twas wished tæ write as ’twas roared out,
 - ‘ And its true ootterance show,
 - ‘ Tæ mark her accent, past a doubt,
 - ‘ One letter wad do so,
 - ‘ Sæ weell, hersell wad think some knowt
 - ‘ Cried mȝ ! tæ let her know
- Tæ come away :

- ‘ I mȝd ! and bȝd ! wi’ a’ my force,
 - ‘ By my ain grammar rules ;
 - ‘ And mȝd ! and bȝd ! till I was hoarse,
 - ‘ As if tæ win the dools ;
 - ‘ And nȝd ! and brȝd ! baith shrill and coarse,
 - ‘ Like horses, asses, mules ;
 - ‘ In Greek like theirs too, nothing worse ;
 - ‘ But a’ but left toom stools
- Beneath my sway :

' I to my Printer now applied
 ' Tæ give me his advice ;
 ' He said subscriptions should be tried ;
 ' That I should advertise ;
 ' Your Books *must* then be sold, he cried,
 ' When *must* be paid the price :
 ' I did as bid ; on him relied ;
 ' But none e'er used ane twice ;
 Some would not pay. (6)----

' Ah me ! that e'er I Newlands saw !
 ' I've suffered loss and shame !
 ' My judgment sure was flown awa,
 ' My senses a' were lame,
 ' When clover-hay, I left for straw,
 ' And with't a courted name !----
 ' Fræ sheep, an ass may wonder draw ;
 ' In Lintoun he's at hame,
 Baith night and day.'----

Braid, brozy, bleer-eed, blatheran' Ben,
 Wi' tongue sæ thick and round,
 His weell-chew'd words scarce to its en'
 Cou'd get, tæ mak' a sound,
 Come fræ Gouk's-hill, ginge-bread tæ ven', (7)
 Wi' braw blue bonnet crown'd,
 Fræ's cuddy (baith their lugs they len'),
 List's gaping, gouk profound,
 To Donkey's bray ;

(6) It is a common practice for School-masters to make profit by composing, printing, and selling new rudiments, vocabularies, spelling-books, grammars, &c. by subscription, and otherwise.

(7) Gouk's-hill, is the translation given of *Beinn na Cuach-aig*, the Gaelic, since changed to *Pennecuik*, in the *Statistical Account* of the parish.

Twa tinkler-gangs, here ither met,
 The randy Fawes, and Shawes,
 To sorn, reeve, steal, lift, and reset,
 Mend pats, and buy some braws,
 Twa gangs fræ th' west to fight, come het, (8)
 Regardless of the laws,
 When now their projects stand they let,
 And list', wives, weans, and a'
 Their cadgers gray ;

At every sentence Cuddy clos'd,
 Ben either peghed or groan'd !
 If dull, or dreegh, the cuckoo doz'd,
 And snor'd, when others moan'd ;
 As paragraphs the Boar expos'd,
 For Donkey's rage atton'd,
 Even tinklers' pans his anger gloz'd,
 A friend's *Misfortunes* own'd
 Their cuddies' brays !

Whilst Scoto-English words he spoke
 In modern Saxon phrase,
 Though fire oft fræ his blinkers broke,
 His voice and arms oft rase,
 And fræ his mouth there issued smoke
 His breast when in a blaze,
 'Yet, still their nerves sustained each stroke
 In silence and amaze,
 While listening wae !

But, when, fræ his new Alphabet,
 With sympathetic sound,
 His Saxon with Greek letters sweet
 Made musical compound,

(8) See Dr Pennecuik's works, *Description of Tweeddale*;
 and Hoyland's *Historical Survey of the Gypsies*.

And b̃s ! and m̃s ! their ears to treat,
 In unison, they found,
 His bes ! and mus ! soon kindled heat ;
 His br̃s ! soon answered round

Ilk cuddy's lay !----

‘ Now, all these FIVE MISFORTUNES lie,’
 He cried, ‘ at Grumphy's door ;
 ‘ For, since he occupied yon sty,
 ‘ As you I've laid before,
 ‘ No luck attends whate'er I try,
 ‘ But evils evermore----
 ‘ Then, Piggy, if you do not fly,
 ‘ I'll give you drubs in store,

Without delay!

‘ To cope with me do not pretend----
 ‘ I bear a charmed name---- (9).
 ‘ 'Twere vain in you, friend to contend,
 ‘ Unless you bore the same !
 ‘ Prepare yourself, then, to defend
 ‘ From falling dead, or lame ?
 ‘ Let those, to bear you hence, attend,
 ‘ To carry you whence you came ?----

Prepare? I say!

‘ Your Lintoun Posts, or instantly,
 ‘ To lay down and renounce,
 ‘ With all the dues, so frequently,
 ‘ Drew profit to me once ;
 ‘ And eke, too, *yon*----now turned a sty ;
 ‘ Or guard your selfish sconce ;
 ‘ Or to't, your sowy's shelter, fly ;
 ‘ Lest I your bacon trounce----

Prepare? I say !----

(9) See *Canto II.* and its note (8)

Then, that he might have time enough
 This, as advised, to do,
 Deep, fræ a creeshy pooch o' buff,
 His muckle mull he drew
 Wi' frightsome haste, and visage gruff;
 Its lid, wi' look askew,
 Loud rapt! and plunged in yellow snuff
 A thoomb, and fingers two
 At least, or mæ;

Thus to restore the spirits lost
 In's vehement harangue,
 And to the fire he still could boast
 To furnish fuel strong
 His spite and passion weell tæ roast (10)
 At nasal chimnies long,
 He next, as fu's the horn almost,
 Cramm'd baith their grates head long;
 Syne, gied a bray!

A bray, enough, sæ hoarse and loud,
 T' have made a fury freeze;
 Then flang fræ's thoomb, as far's he could,
 Disdaining it to squeeze,
 The surplus snuff amang the crowd,
 Inferiour nebs to seize;
 When, lo! a general shout ensued
 A fate-proclaiming sneeze
 Of victory!

From every virgin nostril owned
 By snuff-unsullied nose
 Upon his *right*, to leeward, found,
 Inspiring as it rose;

- (10) _____ 'Roasted in wrath and fire,
 'He thus o'er sized with coagulate gore,
 'Old Priam seeks.'

Shakespeare.

Inspired, by doubly grateful sound,
 The future to disclose,
Twice, sneezings loud, convulsed, expound,
 With their prophetick throes,
 New prospect gay ! (11)

(11) STRADA wrote a Treatise on *Sneezing*; and many curious relations are given of the importance of a *sneeze*, every where, in both ancient and modern times. Sir Thomas Brown, in his 'Vulgar Errors,' observes, 'We read in Godignus, that upon a *sneeze* of the Emperor of Monomotapa there passed acclamations *successively* though the city.' Hence, doubtless, the attachment of Prince Eugene, the great Frederick of Prussia, Buonaparte, and other modern heroes, to *snuff*; by means of which, like Nicot, besides using it as a restorative, they could command either an encouraging *sneeze* from themselves, or others, at any time, to give confidence to their soldiers, the earnest of victory. Had *tobacco*, that precious plant, so valuable for diminishing so much the powers of two out of our five senses; for weakening the appetite, and drying, and stupifying the brain; been fortunately then known, its *sneeze-provoking snuff* would have been still more prized by the priests, augurs, statesmen, and generals of antiquity, as an invaluable additional assistant, in the various religious and state tricks, by which they duped and directed their simple subjects, and armies, to their views. A *sneeze* was doubly fortunate if repeated, and from the *right*,

THE ARGUMENT.

The Lintoun Boar runs off for his sty ;---over-sets miller Samuel, the black-fac'd Eweless Tup, —Land'ard Lilly,—he falls into her pool,—empties auld Sawny's snuff-horn on his crown,—bespatters all near him,—whirls round short Ned,—makes him take the batts,—his ejaculations, the Laird of Stainypath, a barber-chirurgion, being absent, the Dutch Doctor is called ;—Doctor Schaep's harangue,—he commends Ned for not employing his rival Doctor Strut of Gouk's-hill, —describes him, and his practice in such cases ; —the operation performed on Ned,—to save himself, he uncovers Sally Sma',—she seizes her mother the howdy's cloak to skreen herself with,—she almost strangles her mother, Elspa, the howdy,—Effy jostles Wedder-Jock into Ned's paritch, and laying hold of cripple Bean's bare head, draws it opposite to Ned's mouth while discharging the contents of his stomach ; Land'ard Lilly, left alone, retires from the Green to the well in the Town, to refill her stoups,----lays the dust on her road,----is followed, like a watering-cart, by Jock, Bean, Effy, and Sally Sma', who withdraw to get themselves cleaned and clad :—Neddy revives,—the marks of his recovery,—he rejoices at their departure,—grows hungry,—laments the loss of his paritch,—invites his brother Tawty to go home with him,—proposes for the skones and paritch, to substitute short-bread and cabbage-broth,—offers Tawty a share of the feast,---a long discourse on short-

bread,---his goose-necked billy accepts of his invitation, and gives his reasons for so doing,---the singular manner in which he contrives, at once, to give vent and utterance to the satisfaction he felt at the brotherly scheme, to make room for Ned's cheer, and to congratulate him on his restored health and appetite.---Grumphy is pursued, like a strayed sheep, by people and dogs.

CANTO V.

THE Boar thus warned by ear and eye,
 And by his former fate,
 Thought to himself 'twere best to fly
 Before it was too late;
 So, wheeling round toward his sty,
 Where Sow sat in state,
 'Twixt Samuel's legs he darted, sly,
 And made him tak' a seat

In mire and clay:

Lang Land'ard Lilly lang had stood,
 'Tween her twa stoups, to hear;
 Ne'er dreaming that her water would
 Through wood the worse o' wear,
 Though ditted at the well, elude
 The plugs, and through it steer,
 The tawpy round had raised a flood,
 Whilst govan' at his ear,

Of melted clay;

Within this slippery slough she'd made,
 That stack to it like gum,
 Poor Samuel, squash, as steep was laid,
 Straight backward on his bum,

By Grumphy's motion retrograde ;
 And up his ills to sum,
 His skirts, in's haste, the Boar afraid
 He'd, falling, on him come,
 Had torn away !

The soople anes for him made room,
 And gat ayont his reach ;
 Wi' him nane wish'd to stick or swoom,
 Or there tæ seat his breech ;
 But, as he fell, it was his doom,
 Whan takan' o' a sneesh,
 Auld Sawny's horn on's croon tæ toom,
 Send jawped clais, tæ bleach,
 Tæ th' burn next day ;

'Maist held a pound auld Sawny's mill,
 Ta'en fræ the biggest ram
 Was e'er bred on a Tweeddale hill,
 Or to its market cam' ;
 Twa chains were fixed to it, wi' skill,
 Hold-fasts for sluice and dam,
 A lid, and spoon like gray-goose quill ;
 'Twas fu' as it could cram,
 For th' Market-day :

Short in-kneed Ned, wi' clock-work-face,
 That turns fræ side to side,
 Though manfully he keeps his place
 Like stoup wi' bottom wide,
 He, wi' a whirl, gar'd circle trace
 And set his legs astride,
 As sick's a leech, in woefu' case
 Wi' th' wap, his luifs fast guide
 To's kyte that day ;

‘ Describe !---describe !---I cogle !---I'll coup ! (1)

(1) Describe !—describe !—for Prescribe !—prescribe !—

- ' I've ta'en the batts ! ! ' he cries ;
 ' O' cawller whisky gi'e's a soup ,
 ' Or else poor Neddy dies !
 ' My heart will fræ my mou' soon loup !
 ' My paritch soon will rise !
 ' Gae bring the Doctor ? or a' houp,
 ' Will vanish fræ my eyes—
I'm gā-ān away ! ! '

- ' Whar ! whar's the Laird o' Stainypath ?
 ' Our barber-cheer-for-john,
 ' Wi's bason, and his lancets baith,
 ' Tæ bluid me tæ the bone,
 ' Tæ bring me fræ the vafe o' death,
 ' Back, up tæ Cockmylone ? --- (2)
 ' Get him, or Schæp, while I ha'e breath ? ---
 ' Mak' haste, or I am gone ! ---
Get *Schæp*, I say ? '

Scarce Ned had gi'en the dread command,
 Whilst bowels for him yirn,
 And his ain guts, between each hand,
 Was rumblan' like a kirn,
 As, hurklan' down, he scarce cou'd stand,
 Wi' dool that gaird him girn,
 Whan quick the leech arriv'd, and fand
 Him a', baith skin and birn, (3)
And thus did say ;

- Mynheer vriend Ned, you be vise sheep
 • Vor Schaep to zend, ven ill ;

(2) Stainypath ; north from Lintoun, then the property of James Cleland, barber-chirurgion. See Dr Pennecuik's works, *Of the Lynce*.—Cockmylane ; north-east from Lintoun, between and Carlops.

(3) : As is done by a butcher to judge of a sheep ; by feeling its fatness under the skin, and examining the burn or mark. See King James, and Allan Ramsay's *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, Canto lll.

- ‘ On all zour points de vat’s zo deep, (4)
 - ‘ Iv Strut ov de Gouk-hill
 - ‘ Ver here, zuch mooton vou’d not zleep
 - ‘ More vone nîght, vid his vill :
 - ‘ Zou be ver vise vrom Strut to keep ;
 - ‘ Ven vleec’d, he vou’d zou kill ;
- Den gut ; ven vlay’ :

- ‘ Dat Strut be impudence ; be quack ;
 - ‘ ‘Av conscience none at all ;
 - ‘ T’rough vide gash, vrom navell to back,
 - ‘ At vonce, bot blood, goot, gall,
 - ‘ He vou’d let out, in a ver crack !
 - ‘ De in-meat quite, great, small,
 - ‘ Till he had drawn, he’d hew, he’d hack ;
 - ‘ Den eat zou, head, loin, spall,
- Up, vor his pay !

- ‘ He be vone ov Varaoh’s lean kîne,
 - ‘ Devour vat sheep like zou ;
 - ‘ He ’tink ’imzelf fort beau, ver vine,
 - ‘ Beard, band, doublet, hose, shoe ;
 - ‘ Vool ! vid de vair, too, he vou’d shine,
 - ‘ T’ough steeff, t’ough dun, gouk too !
 - ‘ T’ough vell vleec’d, vlay’d, he’d dine
 - ‘ On zour vat ; den cookoo !
- Zing loud, more gay !

- ‘ He not’ing do but ride, here, dere,
 - ‘ To vind de open door,
 - ‘ Zitting as steeff as straight pokere,
 - ‘ As if de bom vere sore
 - ‘ Vid de freection---zou call it *sare*---
 - ‘ And being ver much excore,
 - ‘ T’ough he ty to ’sume de grande air,
 - ‘ Vile he vou’d like to roar,
- Vile trot’s bom vlay :

(4) The fatting points of a sheep to feel and judge by, are well known to every butcher.

' Mē zdory vine tell zou ov Strut ;
 ' Ov vone de adder bit,
 ' In de moor vest : De man he put
 ' On Newlands' Ass to zit---
 ' Hee ! O, la ! me burst my ver gut !
 ' Zides too ! vid mirt' at it !---
 ' Vid vace to tail, de occiput
 ' Too's lugs ; den, on de kit,
 Dus, made him play !

' Vor zo prescribe, zaid he, Van *Pier*
 ' Vor de scorpion t'ing
 ' Dat av de long tail in de rear,
 ' Vid, at de point, de sting ;
 ' And vor de tarant,' ven can hear,
 ' Dey alway play de spring ;
 ' Iv snake av long queue, sting, ver clear
 ' Dat *bot'* cures must health bring :
 Vool ! Gowk ! Hæ-hæ ! (5)

' By gar ! zou no' be var gone zet !
 ' Zour meat been over rich ;
 ' Ov it var much, too mooch zou've eat ;
 ' Dat's brought zou to dis pitch ;
 ' Zou vont be vell till out it get ;
 ' Tell Doctor Schaep, den, vich
 ' Vill zou most please, egress to let,
 ' Or by de mout', or breech,
 My patient, pray ?

The howdy had the Doctor brought, (6)
 And hearing his harangue,

(5) ' What fool would believe that antidote delivered by
Pierius against the sting of a scorpion ? to sit upon an ass, with
 one's face towards his tail.' *Brown's Vulgar Errors.*—
 The bite of a *Tarantula* is said to be cured by music.

(6) Howdy ; the mid-wife.

Or Ned resolv'd, it pity thought
 He pain should bear sæ lang ;
 So, to his doup her fit she brought,
 An' kicked wi' sic a bang,
 Out frae his mouth, through-ither wrought,
 Beer, skones, milk, paritch sprang
 An ell away !!!

Her haveral daughter, Sally Sma',
 Stood near howd Effy's side ;
 To her poor Neddy, like to fa',
 Rax'd out a hand sae wide,
 Glad to get ha'd o' ought at a',
 Though mischief should betide,
 It seiz'd her coats wi' sic a draw,
 Out o'er her hips they slide,
 And strings give way :

As slavering Sally's sark was short,
 And ragged sair an' riven,
 In sic a strait, she'd naething for't,
 Whan to her shift thus driven,
 Tæ hide her nakedness fræ sport,
 But, to make matters even,
 To grasp her mither's cloak, retort,
 For kick to Neddy given,
 Gar'd him do sæ :

It strait was round the howdy's throat,
 Wi' strong blue nittens tied,
 That wadna' yield a single jot,
 Though Sally stoutly tried
 To see, though short, if't could be got,
 That, round her waist applied,
 It might befriend her hapless lot,
 And half her hurdies hide
 Frae open day.

Howd Effy jostles, haul'd by the hawss,

Saft Jock, that Bean stood by ;
 Jock, 'mang Ned's paritch slides, and fa's,
 Whilst Ned was letting fly ;
 As fræ, behind bare Sally draws,
 Wi' blear'd thread-een and sly,
 Bean, wi' her scout-mouth, gi'es gaffaws,
 As Ned heaves, at Jocks cry,
 Whilst low he lay ;

But Effy, steeve tæ keep her place,
 Not seeing Sally's need,
 Or thinking of her daughter's case,
 O' cripple Bean's bare head
 Got sic a claught, it brought her face,
 Wi' less guid-will than speed,
 O' Ned's discharge within the race,
 As the last burst he geed,
 . When full in play ;

Upon her sconce wi' sic a dash
 The nauseous mixture fell,
 Wi' jaws upon the sprawling hash,
 'Maist choak'd wi' th' taste and smell,
 Already, o' the paritch, squash,
 He'd fa'n on wi' a yell,
 Dreigh Jock's, as weell as Beany's pash,
 It showr'd and pour'd pell-mell
 Upon, her's fræ---

His agonies abated now,
 Ned wi' his haggise toom,
 Sall's stringless coats, as fast's he dow,
 Geed back, and got a gloom ;
 Her mither quitting Beany's pow,
 Her cloak supplied their room ;
 Jock aff the ground began to row ;
 Cries Bean, ' in shairn may soom
 Those here that stay !'

Lang Lilly, too, was left her lane,
 On miller Samuel's fa' ;
 The water frae her stoups 'maist gane ;
 So, to the well to draw,
 And fill anew, she went, fu' fain,
 When she the leakage saw ;
 Along her road there stoor was nane,
 Her stoups still laid it a',
 Like watering dray ;

Behind her, doofart, wather Jock,
 Croonan', wi' cripple Bean ;
 The Howdy, who her blue cowl'd cloak
 Had to her daughter gi'en ;
 And Sally Sma' wi' mooted smock ;
 Gaed oxteran' frae the green :
 O's batts delivered, crouse tæ cock,
 Ned's face, like a machine,
 Began to play ;

Gleg lookan' now, frae side to side,
 Grown lively as a lark,
 Wi' gab, and een, baith gamerel wide,
 And wi' a colly's bark,
 He yelpt, 'Gæ 'way your sells and hide !'
 'As sharp-set as a shark,
 'For my lost paritch you I chide ;
 'I dinna lo'e sic wark ;
 Ye're weell away !

' May sic a hirsle ne'er be seen
 ' On our Thrid-Market-day,
 ' Sæ rotten, woo'less, lang, and lean,
 ' Sæ sturdied, auld, and gray,
 ' Or on our westling heights, or Green,
 ' Again:---they're weel away !---
 ' Sæ pocked Jock, and crippled Bean,
 ' Tent ye ! nor bā-ā, nor gae,
 Can they ! Hæ-hæ !

' Like mony a ane in Lintoun town
 ' Wi' feent a snood or curtch,
 ' Nor maid nor wife mark's on a crown, (7)
 ' Whan or at fair or church,
 ' Amang them a'!---Limmers and loon!---
 ' They've left me in the lurch
 ' They think; but wha's best aff we'll soon
 ' See, whan t' our howfs we murch,
 'Ore lang! Hæ-hæ!"

' Come Tawty then? wi' me gæ hame,
 ' 'Ore hunger mak's me hyt?
 ' Our cabbage-kail will swall my wame, (8)
 ' And mak' my spirit light;
 ' Fræ Embrogh, to it, short-bread came,
 ' Baked there by curious wight,
 ' I lo'e't sæ strange, that, to my shame,
 ' I eat it whiles at night;
 A share ye'll ha'e;

' The meikler, that nor wife nor weane,
 ' Fræ wadlock's lock or noose,
 ' Is tæ be fund at Cockmylane
 ' Upon its know-head crouse;
 ' Though aft, whan sleepless sare I grane,
 ' Fræ wearyan' for a spouse,
 ' I own, for comfort, I am fain
 ' O't, whiles, tæ tak' the use;
 Tæ mak' me gay:

(7) The snood, and the curtch were reckoned badges of honour; and none but virgins, and married women were allowed to wear, the former the snood, and the latter the curtch.

(8) Broth, by the peasantry is named kail, from its usually containing so much of that vegetable. When, instead of kale or coleworts, cabbage is used, it is called cabbage-kale, and is reckoned a better and more swelling food.

- ' The first I bought, frae this same chap,
- ' Was o'ened and buttered weell,
- ' Wi' walth o' carvies on its tap,
- ' And bits o' orange-peel;
- ' To't, syne, I kale coft in a cap,
- ' O' grotts, wi' lumps o' veal; (9)
- ' And bate and supt, till duin the sap;
- ' Because it was genteel,

I lo'ed it sæ.'

Says Tawty, ' I ne'er heard before

- ' O' short-bread eaten to kale; (10)
- ' But, if than cakes it cost you more, (11)
- ' 'T' agree they canna' fail;
- ' Your kyte was surely very sore;
- ' They'll help to keep it hale;
- ' Since, in your am'ry, still there's store,
- ' In time, lest aught grows stale,

Let's haste away?

- ' A bread sæ rich, genteel, and dear,
- ' Wi' *ony thing* should eat;
- ' Wi' paritch, brochen, broze, or beer, (12)
- ' Wi' flesh wi' wings or feet;
- ' To sowens, or sheep-head kail, 'tis clear, (13)
- ' 'Tmust add a relish sweet!

(9) Grotts, or oats with the husks milled off, and used by cottagers in broth, instead of barley, to thicken and swell the mash, would be rendered still more stuffing, and mucilaginous, by the viscosity of the veal, increased by the richness of the short bread.

(10) Short-bread, is a fine wheaten unleavened and soft bread, baked, with butter, &c. into rich cakes, for ladies chiefly, at tea, along with jellies and marmalades.

(11) By cakes, as the kind commonly used, are always meant those of oatmeal.

(12) Brochen is a kind of water-gruel, of oat-meal, butter, and honey.

(13) Sowens; flummery, or oatmeal sowerd amongst water, for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter. See Dr Pennecuik's works, The Description of Tweeddale, Of its Inhabitants.—Notes.

Both to make room for Neddy's cheer,
And Ned's recovery greet

In his own way,

His lang-necked billy, wi' a head

Like button-ill sew'd on,
Then rifted, gapean', wi' a screed,

Tæ see his cholic gone.—

Ky rout, lambs bleat, the dees te-heed ! (14)

The herds upon the loan,
As if a sheep had fled, wi' speed,

At Grumphy tykes hound on (15)

Wi' loud huzza !

(14) Dees; dairy-maids.

(15) Tykes; dogs.

THE ARGUMENT.

Grumphy still pursued by the mob,---the hunt described,---his pursuers compared to St Hubert's famous black breed of Boar-hounds, once so dreaded, and all of that colour since, by witches, when chased in disguise :---at length, free of the crowd, he hurries over the holm,---arrives at the Lyne ;---as he crosses, trembling Tam instigates Geordy, a musketeer, to fire at him,---terrified, he falls into a hole in the water,---the learned Webster described,---he reproves jeeran' Geordy ;---the Boar gains his sty, and takes refuge in bed :---His wife hastens to his bed-side,---imagines she has lost her mate,---her lamentations on his supposed illness, and death,---his courageous behaviour at the mention of death ;---a dialogue between him and Sow,---after the Ass's demise, he expects, some day, to see his head broiled on a fire, and his ghost conjured up, in the manner of the ancient Greeks, by killing for that purpose a black sheep, to answer for thus conspiring his exit on Lantoun Green,---Sow comforts and consoles him in bed,---persuades him to sleep off his mortifications,---orders the family,---puts the pigs to rest,---lies down beside him ;---silence reigns in the sty.

CANTO VI.

ILK chiel, wi' check'd gray worsted plaid,
That jogg'd on timmer clogs,
That underneath blue bonnet gaed,
Or had a pair o' brogs,

Combin'd, halloo'd ! and efforts made,
 Wi' weanes, sticks, stanes, and dogs,
 To drive, stark staring mad, they said,
 ' The boar frae 'mang their hogs,'
 Oft in his way ;

Their whups some cowpers at him smack,
 As he gaed blundering bye ;
 Some wi' their ribs 'maist like tæ crack,
 As hotching, in a fry,
 And round's a boof baith breast and back,
 He row'd toward his sty,
 Wi' hard press'd sides, confused his track,
 Gaffawing, ' Goosy !'---cry !
 He'll win the day !

The carles, Goosy ! Goosy ! groan'd ; (1)
 The grannies Goosy ! grane ;
 Loud Goosies ! every where resound,
 ' Frae hizzy, hind, or weane ;
 Till Grumphy 'maist wi' Goosies drown'd,
 Along the grassy plain,
 Could scarce, through jeers and insults round,
 And stops, wi' might and main,
 Make any way ;

The blackest hounds St Hubert bred,
 To hunt the larded boar,
 Ne'er half so keen in pursuit sped,
 Nor could torment him more,
 Though by St Hubert's self were led
 Of his best blood a score,
 Than those from whom now Porky fled,
 That raised such an uproar
 Him to dismay ;

(1) Goosy ! the cry to call in pigs.

He o'er the howm though hobbled fast,
 Whan frae the crowd he got,
 And tae the water cam' at last,
 Without a brig or boat ; '---
 Just as a pool he squattered past
 A hempy fir'd a shot ;
 Into the hole bumbaz'd he squash'd,
 Like stane into a pot,
 Wi' fright, that day !---

Cat-witted, restless, trembling Tam,
 The noisy auctioneer,
 As fu' o' cranks as he cou'd cram,
 Had, frae the jail, drawn near ;
 Intent to see how Porky swam,
 In jeeran' Geordy's ear,
 Close tae the pool as piggy cam',
 He'd whispered, 'on him bear !'
 And fire away !"

Cast like the first o' his ain craft,
 The spider, famed for webs,
 For craft in crossing warp wi' waft,
 For stretching of his abbs,
 Sublime, like ane o' wits bereft,
 Whose fancy flows and ebbs,
 A weaver lang, on Geordy's left,
 Forgot his schemes and scabs,
 At his horse-play ;

His legs were like twa barrow-trams,
 As hard and stiff as steel,
 Of equal thickness at the hams
 And downward to the heel ;
 His sides a parallelogram,
 Kest-shap'd, with breast and keel,
 His poll propt, fill'd with brains, where swam
 Whims whirled like barrow-wheel,
 Where maggots stray ;

This wabster lean, sæ skill'd in books,
 Sæ heegh abuin them a',
 Wi' mouth like ane that lemon sooks,
 And een that ingans draw,
 Wi' razor-face, and lengthened looks,
 Bade Geordy 'ware the law !'
 Ne'er doubting but his musket took
 Its aim wi' leaden ba',

The Boar to slay :---

But soon, like bladder fu' o' oil,
 The gasping pig appear'd ;
 And, after a sair feght and toil,
 O'er to his sty he steer'd,
 Where, thus surmounted this turmoil,
 Though drenched, less hurt than fear'd,
 He landed safe, in piteous broil,
 And to his pallet sheer'd,

To doze't away,

As sad, as sulky, and as sour,
 As fu' o' shame, and spleen,
 And as ill-natured, as a boar
 Harassed wi' beelan' een,
 Through acrid humours, blear, and core,
 That scarcely can be seen,
 That seeks to litter find in store,
 Him from himself to skreen,
 'Midst sleep, in strae---

He now had got within his bed,
 And hung his sark tæ dry,
 In sheets, for shirt, and night-cap clad,
 And snug began to ly,
 When Sow, who suspicions had,
 Who heard the shot and cry,
 That something had befallen him bad,
 And saw all wet the sty,

Stood where he lay :

Within the blankets buried deep,
 No Grumphy could appear ;
 Though rais'd up, next, the clai's to peep,
 She could no grunting hear ;
 At last, she found, beneath the heap,
 All motionless, her dear,
 When, loud, she sore began to weep,
 Her smock-fac'd head to tear,
 And thus to say ;

' My Pork !---Ah ! Guid ha'e care o' me !---
 ' Ohon !---My heart-strings bleed !---
 ' My Peter dying ! Oh anee !---
 ' If not already dead !! '---
 Here, Porky poking up, to see
 To what such bodings lead,
 As if from apprehension free,
 Exclaim'd, ' I dead !---indeed !---
 Not yet, I pray ! '---

Though still, but his Kilmarnock-cowl
 Was seen above the clothes,
 As rough and round as head of owl,
 With, in't, alike globose,
 The thick, and hairless jobber-nowl,
 Down to the puffy nose,
 Thus manfully, twixt squeak and howl,
 From pillow pulicose,
 He grunted gay ;

' Indeed !---You here ?---Not to that pass
 ' I, Sow, yet have got ;---
 ' Though to be sure the Newlands' Ass,
 ' And jeeran' Geordy's shot,
 ' Maist brought me to't, my dear, alas !
 ' As wading past the pot,
 ' Mid-water, ere I reach'd the grass,
 ' The crowd pursuing hot,
 I fled this way ;

- ‘ But, I had too much love for you,
- ‘ And our sweet piggies all,
- ‘ My darling, broody, faithful soo,
- ‘ And litter, great, and small,
- ‘ To leave old friends, for strangers new,
- ‘ To gratify my gall,
- ‘ Out of our Lyne, Styx to go to,
- ‘ On Charon’s boat to call,

For passage pay ;

- ‘ I wonder, even in *Moses’* day—
 - ‘ In *Genesis* ’tis found---
 - ‘ How, Goshen to, herds, sent away
 - ‘ To Egypt’s outward bound,
 - ‘ Under Egyptian hatred lay,
 - ‘ When, still, their Pharaoh round----
 - ‘ Their *Ass*----through deeps they chase, to slay,
 - ‘ In hosts !---Had, too, been drowned,
- Both he, and they !

- ‘ By *Κεφαλωνιαταια*,
 - ‘ When Donkey shall be dead,
 - ‘ We’ll see him back yet pay a’,
 - When, on the coals, his head
 - ‘ Is broiling, *Νεκρομαρτια*
 - ‘ Will bring him up with speed
 - ‘ To, by a *prosopopeia*,
 - ‘ His own name call, and dread
- Its jaws some day,

- ‘ Or the fell chatterings of its teeth,
- ‘ When its own ghost is seen
- ‘ Up-conjured from the earth beneath,
- ‘ By our black sheep, I ween, (2)

(2) See Potter’s *Grecian Antiquities*. *Divination*, &c.

‘ And asks the head, with faltering breath,
 ‘ Through the lugs, lang, and lean,
 ‘ If Cuddy e’er conspired the death
 ‘ Of me, on Lintoun Green,
 This Market-Day?’

‘ I heard you goosy ! goosy ! cry ;
 ‘ My Goosy ! are you here ?
 ‘ While, under blankets buried, I
 ‘ Lay paralyz’d wi’ fear :
 ‘ Oft, oft, I struggled to reply ;
 ‘ Before you to appear ;
 ‘ When Geordy’s gun flash’d in my eye !
 ‘ Waves fill’d again my ear !
 As hid I lay.’---

‘ If this is all,’ sighs she, ‘ keep still
 ‘ Until the Ass is gone ?
 ‘ O’ sleep you’ll then have got your fill,
 ‘ And we’ll be let alone :
 ‘ Daft Donkey’s spite an ox would kill,
 ‘ Though stubborn as a stone :
 ‘ Till then, beside you, lie I will ;
 ‘ And answer sab ! for groan !
 By night and day.’—

‘ Indeed ! my Dear !---but ere you come,’
 Says Porky, ‘ be so kind
 ‘ As wash my clai’s, and search what sum
 ‘ You in my breeks can find ?
 ‘ I’ll think I’m in Elysium,
 ‘ Gif a’ is left behind :
 ‘ They’ll lang be dry, as head of drum,
 ‘ Or by the fire, or wind,
 Ere they’re away.’—

‘ To-morrow, then keep safe at hame,
 ‘ And gi’e the weanes the play ?

‘ You’ll thus,’ she adds, ‘ get o’er the shame,
 ‘ And they’ll but lose a day ;
 ‘ While, all, my Pork, this ass to tame,
 ‘ And, yet to gar him bray,
 ‘ For *Pennecuick*, our leech supreme ;
 ‘ For “ mar-the-marriage *Hay*” (3)
 O’er you to pray ;

‘ For *Carlops*, on his milk-white steed,
 ‘ The terror o’ the Shawes ;
 ‘ For *Coldcoat*, o’ their faes the dread,
 ‘ The black egyptian Fawes ; (4)
 ‘ For *Spittal*, wi’ his pawky head, (5)
 ‘ The *salt and butter laws*
 ‘ That can to us explain and read ;
 ‘ For your *lang leather taws* ;

My self I’ll gæ :

‘ Ohon !—wi’ a’ these helps my Dear,
 ‘ We’ll surely get redress,
 ‘ Though maims, nor deadly wounds appear
 ‘ About you, as I guess,
 ‘ If, but for the affront, and fear,
 ‘ The danger, and distress,
 ‘ In sic a plight, made you rin here,
 ‘ And, crooked as an S,

Lie hurklan’ sæ !—

(3) See in Dr Pennecuick’s works, the *Poem* on ‘ The Mock Marriage of Cantswalls.’

(4) See Dr Pennecuick’s works. *Jonas Hamilton* of Coldcoat, now Macbie-hill.

(5) *Burnet* of *Carlops* ; and *Orwald* of the *Spitals* of New-Hall, who was to explain the assault and battery *laws* to this affectionate wife. See Dr Pennecuick’s works.

The two following lines are still repeated, as having been committed in Dr Pennecuick’s *Panegyrick* ;—

‘ Stout *Carlops* strode a gallant milk-white steed,
 ‘ His neighbour, *Spittal*, near, with pawky head.’

See also as to *Burnet* of *Carlops*, *Macclaurin’s Criminal Cases*, No. 23, January 1711.

Thus Grumphy's wife to him replied ;---

He, taking her advice,

Crept down, and, turning on his side,

Was covered in a trice.——

Kind Sowy to the clai's applied ;

She spread them out fu' nice,

That, ere they raise, they might be dried ;---

Then, bedding a' the grice,

Down by him lay.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Newlands' Ass rejoices at the Lintoun Boar's defeat and flight.—Miller Samuel, the eweless tup, gets up,—his different occupations,—his great usefulness,—his exact memory,—is compared to an almanack,—his courtships,—how he wooes the graces,—his appearance :—he recovers his hat and maud,—finds the skirts and pockets of his coat, the Boar had torn off,—the uses of pockets to sots ;—his soliloquy, occasioned by the accident,—his business, and various sources of income :—he applies for help to frowsy Kate,—she refuses it,—and turns her back upon him ;—his speech, on the disappointment,—the history of Donald Dadges, who is to remedy it,—and of Donald's former connections, the poor Company, and Dady Dow,—with a call, in passing, at mad Squintum's.

CANTO VII.

COURAGEOUS Cuddy, glad tæ see
 The Boar tak' leg sæ soon ;
 That, skaithless, he had gar'd him flee,
 Without a cracked croon ;
 Grew vougy ; trac'd him o'er the lee ;
 Cried, 'weird ! that he would droon !'
 And, fræ' the pool whan he gat free,
 Thought it as ebb's a spoon
 That summer's day.
 Ere this, poor miller Samuel raise,
 The eweless black-faced Tup,

That gathers on the Sabbath days
 Collections in a scoop,
 That shame, should pity fail, t' her praise,
 May bring the bawbees up,
 And hands about, with danered gaze,
 The Sacramental Cup

On holier day;

That wanders aft frae house to house,
 Wi' cringing gait and face,
 To see if ony lass a spouse
 Is wanting in the place,
 A grave, methodic, husband douse,
 To solve a puzzling case,
 A 'Ready Reckoner,' of use
 If trifle she would trace

To th' year and day;

That lang the parish *chronicle*,
 And *kalendar* had been,
 And, like an *almanack*, was, still,
 Oft thrown aside, when seen,
 For every lass, baith guid and ill,
 The Forth and Clyde between,
 Thought ae' short look enough, a will,
 Tæ satisfy her een,

And sought næ mæ;

But instantly, Ohon! alack!
 Wi' as much speed as fear,
 Upon him, shuddering, turn'd her back,
 Or stopt th' unwilling ear,
 Or left th' apartment in a crack,
 Lest he should something speer,
 Kept by his presence on the rack,
 'Twould terrify to hear,

Though but a bā-ā!

Yet he had oft to weddings gane,
 To concerts, plays, and races,
 And lang stood, in a crowd, his lane,
 Ay grave, 'midst laughing faces,
 Oft, for a giggle gied a grane,
 For raptures cauld grimaces,
 Wi' meikle dust, but powder nane,
 To learn the winning graces,
 At meetings gay :

Now, powdered Sawny's stoor his pash,
 Plain, yellow, Scotch rapee ;
 His gowden locks, now, strike a dash, (1)
 Into baith nose and ee ;
 His breeks were filled wi' Lilly's plash,
 Fræ' th' head-band, to the knee,
 Cauld, o'er them, the tioogh, plaister mash,
 Whan dry it cam' to be,
 Grew hardened clay :

Maist smoort wi' meal, and snuff, and dirt,
 Breath stinking, blood-shot een,
 Iron-sol'd shoon, sweaty feet, black shirt,
 He wrast'led aff the Green ;
 Wi' plaid, and hat, long lost, begirt
 Whan he, at last, had been,
 O's coat he looked at the skirt
 The Boar had riven aff clean,
 In's haste away :

The pockets fast to the coat tails,
 The tailor strong had sew'd,
 Like wallets fu', contriv'd as scales
 To poise with equal load,

(1) Gowden-locks were highly prized in former times. See
Christie's Kirk of the Grene, and other old poems.

To ballast Samuel, when his sails,
 He chose to spread abroad,
 If, light with liquor, jostling gales
 The skirts above them blowed,
 And crossed his way ;

Now, draggled, frae the dirt upraised,
 They dangled in his hands,
 Wi' breeks uncovered, long he gazed,
 Unsheltered to their bands,
 Till brisking up, though still bumbazed,
 As searching them he stands,
 Thus to himself, his voice half raised,
 He, whilst redress he plans,
 Was heard to say ;

' Foul fa' the nasty greedy thing ! !—
 ' Hoot ! hoot ! I maist could stick it—
 ' It cleft my legs wi' sic a spring—
 ' Can it my pouch ha'e picket,
 ' O' mill, o' napkin, process, string,
 ' O' braw Assembly Ticket ? (2)
 ' 'Gainst him I'll Action forthwith bring,
 ' And gar him weell be licket,
 Some other day ;

' A Keeper to his Majesty's
 ' Cygnets (young swans) I am, (3)

(2) Process ; a bundle of papers, containing the proceedings before a court of law. The Assembly ticket, may have been to a card or dancing assembly, if then in being ; or to the General Assembly, if tickets of admission to this exhibition were then required.

(3) Swans, and of course Cygnets, being *Royal* fowls, it is left for Antiquarians to say, if, or not, this employment gave rise to the present laborious, and ill-required office of *Keeper to his Majesty's Signet*, and to the respectable society over which he presides. Samuel seems to have been but an underling about the Keeper's office, though so proud of it.

- ‘ And fræ’ his geese, and pinions gray,
- ‘ My quills, and profits cam’;
- ‘ Our Lintoun woo’, fræ’ tap to tæ,
- ‘ Me cleeds, fræ’ sheep and lamb;
- ‘ My mill’s weell multured every day,
- ‘ Wi’ bannocks, me to cram :

For this he’ll pay !”

Aft, frowsy, great, coarse, kitchen Kate ^{ga}
 Had courted by him been,
 As ’mang the awss she sat in state,
 Wi’ creesh her neeves between,
 And, scouring, swat, before his grate,
 A’ soot, up to the een ;
 Observing her, wi’ winning bleat,
 ‘ Kate, there, will scrape me clean !’
 He bā-ā’d, ‘ I’ll lay !

- ‘ Me sort your brecks ! and darn your tails !
- ‘ My trowth ! it sets you weell
- ‘ T’ apply to me, whan aught you ails,
- ‘ Your croon fræ’ tæ your heel !
- ‘ Shoot out their horns,’ she cried, ‘ e’en snails !
- ‘ I’d see him at the de’il,
- ‘ ’Ore I wad scrape the finger nails
- ‘ O’ sic an ugsome chiel !

Let me away !”

- ‘ Weell then,’ crunes he, ‘ I’ll Donald Dades,
- ‘ My heeland, hen-peckt clark,
- ‘ Wi’ padded legs, and cheeks like fadges, (4)
- ‘ A body like the wark,
- ‘ That ony thing will do for wadges,
- ‘ Gar wash my brecks and sark,
- ‘ Whan I gæ hame ; and, on our hedges,
- ‘ Then dried, let Kate, there, bark,

Or turn away !

(4) A Fadge is a coarse spongy sort of leavened wheat-bread, blown up, and shaped somewhat like a roll.

- Poor Bareskin, Greenshawps, Toom, and Co.
 ' Fræ' the Goose-dubs, him chose, (5)
- Whan he could fræ' his minny go,
 ' And chänge the kilt for hose ;
- His mither washed for high and low,
 ' His father darned their clothes ;
- Whan he their crafts had learned to know,
 ' They cuiled his copper-nose
 Wi' sour-milk-why :

- Fræ' them, to auld MacLimp he gaed :
 ' And then tæ Dady Dow,
- The donsie dort, like pettled cade,
 ' Wi' pensy paughty pow,
- That sorns in stucco-street, 'tis said ;
 ' Near squinting, mad, John Low ;
- He Dady's pens, and paritch made ;
 ' The wife to wash, and sew,
 Helped every day :

- The chiel he's got in Donald's place,
 ' Fræ sheep-head-wynd I ween, (6)
- Like grue, is fitter for a chace
 ' On this our Lintoun Green,
- Or on Leith Sands to run a race,
 ' Than for a net or skreen ;
- He, nor can mend, like Donald, clai's,
 ' Nor can he wash them clean,
 Whan Dady's gay.*

(5) A place, on its south side, in Edinburgh, is called the *Goose-dubs*.

(6) *Sheep-head-wynd* ; the name of an alley, on its south-side, in Leith.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Musketeers propose to hoist the victorious Ass, cocky-ridy-rowsy, on Samuel's shoulders, and to escort him in Triumph through the Sub-Metropolis;---how Donkey is to be seated,---the various uses of the Tup's ears,---Samuel's decorations,---bellman Reest,---the cressesy Corporal, a deacon and constable,---his employments;---the Tup, to be revenged on the Boar agrees to carry his friend the Ass:---Samuel's speech,---he alters, and lays out the plan of the Triumph,---concludes his oration.

CANTO VIII.

- Huzzza ! let's heeze great *Nicolas* !'
- Gried a' the musketeers,
- In Triumph; through the town must pass
- ' Our friend o' former years;
- We'll a' surround him in a mass,
- ' Whilst on his shoulders bears
- Victorious *Nicon*, singing bass,
- ' Preceded by woo' sheers,
- Samuel this day :
- Close Samuel's neck his hams shall hug,
- ' Cling to it, rank and frowsy ;
- Whilst o'er it, near his bosom, snug,
- ' 'S the poll, weel smear'd, and lousy,
- Wi' shagged locks for him tæ rug,
- ' Like mop, for pommel, towsy,

‘ With, on each side, a handy lug,
 ‘ Thus, *cocky-ridy-rousy*,
 His helm, or stay ;

‘ Upon the scalp’s coarse matted thrums,
 ‘ *Nicol* his breast shall lean,
 ‘ Held fast with arms, hands, fingers, thumbs,
 ‘ Its brow, these props between,
 ‘ So that as, thus, his visage comes,
 ‘ Like priest’s and clerk’s oft seen,
 O’er Sammel’s phiz, the twa humdrums,
 Conjoin’d, on Lintoun Green
 May shine this day !

‘ By his great friend’s encircling arms,
 ‘ The Tup’s bright temples, round,
 ‘ Shall be secured from hurts or harms ;
 ‘ And seem for triumph crown’d !
 ‘ *Nicon*’s lang lugs shall catch alarms,
 ‘ Should grunt from Grumphy sound ;
 ‘ He to the Tup, by’s ears (not germes)
 ‘ Lugged right, or left, where bound,
 Shall point the way !

‘ His sluggish spirits tæ recruit,
 ‘ Whan *Nicol*, high and gruff,
 ‘ Shall tak’ a longing at the snoot,
 ‘ An appetite for snuff,
 ‘ What fræ his pinch he cannot put,
 ‘ Into his nostrils stuff,
 ‘ Will Samuel’s nose, below his, suit,
 ‘ Fræ’s fingers, well enough,
 As on they gæ :

‘ With summons hanging round his neck, (1)
 ‘ A ticket on his breast,

(1) Summons; to a court of law.

- ‘ His skirts, for colours, on a stick,
 - ‘ Born high by bellman Reest,
 - ‘ Shall *Nicon’s* bold procession deck
 - ‘ The Tup; upon his beast,
 - ‘ His *Five Misfortunes* he’ll neglect;
 - ‘ The Boar he’ll turn to jest,
- And scorn to day!

- ‘ The creeshy Constable we’ll score
 - ‘ To carry the woo’-sheers;
 - ‘ He howks the graves, can drink and roar
 - ‘ Whan helpan’ auctioneers;
 - ‘ He ill can fight, but weel can shoar,
 - ‘ Kill calves, and sheep, and steers;
 - ‘ Wi’ gooly sticks, pig, soo, and boar,
 - ‘ Wi’ frock their blood besmears,
- He’ll huff away!

- ‘ Provoked,’ says Samuel, ‘ I agree
 - ‘ To carry what Balaam
 - ‘ Ance rade upon—nay, wanting fee!
 - ‘ Though I should feel a qualm
 - ‘ At such a post, were I to be
 - ‘ Ask’d when in temper calm;
 - ‘ I, else, would rather, to be free,
 - ‘ In church gi’e out the psalm
- Next Sabbath day,----

- ‘ Ga, Corporal, bring the knife and coat
 - ‘ Wi’ which you stick the swine?
 - ‘ The sheers, and skirts i’ th’ winds to float,
 - ‘ To bear aloft be thine
 - ‘ Auld bell-man Bauldy, sly pilot,
 - ‘ You shall be our ensign;
 - ‘ Bell-wedder like, be this thy lot,
 - ‘ To head, and lead, the line,
- Wi’ haffets gray;

- ' Wi' nose shaped like a lobster's claw,
- ' And coloured like it too,
- ' When but half-boiled, and yet half-raw,
- ' It's red, wi' shades o' blue ;
- ' Wi' worm, or flea, or net, or paw
- ' To grope, a fisher true ;
- ' Your hand-bell ring, as 'ore the law,
- ' By proclamation, you

Call to obey ;

- ' Aboon the sheers we'll stick the scull
 - ' O' our great Lintoun ram
 - ' That, o' the sturdy dee'd, when full
 - ' O' honours, like his dam,
 - ' (Since Creeshy killed our parish bull)
 - ' The dad o' mony a lamb ;
 - ' Like foot-band Finlay by the fool,
 - ' All those that courage sham
- You'll fright away : (2)

- ' The creeshy Deacon next shall stalk,
 - ' Wi' bloody coat and knife ;
 - ' To humble Grumphy, there he'll walk,
 - ' And frighten him for his life ;
 - ' The sticking steel, should he, to baulk
 - ' Our sport, leave bed and wife,
 - ' And stinking frock, wi' mony a mawk,
 - ' Will soon frae him flee strife
- Ten miles away !

- ' Twa kickmaleeries loud shall play (3)
- ' Our Bauldy's bell behind,

(2) See the prologue to Sir David Lindsay's play of the *Three Estaites*.

(3) Kickmaleeries; fiddlers.

- ‘ We’ll try to give, as best we may,
- ‘ Each music to his mind ;
- ‘ The Corporal, too, shall followers ha’e
- ‘ Of a sonorous kind,
- ‘ At ilka pause, his cow-herds’ twæ
- ‘ Melodious horns shall wind

A mort to-day !

- ‘ The Deacon, big, wi’ a’ the force
- ‘ O’ ony brother beast,
- ‘ Of whale, of elephant, or morse,
- ‘ O’ pain can make a jest ;
- ‘ Can kill a cow without remorse,
- ‘ And on her liver feast ;
- ‘ Sow-gelder too, he’ll swell of course,
- ‘ With horns a pair, his breast,

Before the twæ.’

- ‘ A mort o’er Grumphy, as I said ;
- ‘ For, though he ’scaped the pool,
- ‘ To us, *in law* as ’twere, he’s dead,
- ‘ Since we have win the dool ;
- ‘ Since from our *Nicon’s* gripe he fled,
- ‘ Who made his courage cool ;
- ‘ Though Geordy mist, he’s gone to bed,
- ‘ I guess, like drooked fool,

Baith dowff and wæ !

- ‘ MacDrone, the muckle highland-man,
- ‘ Wee Chanter, the MacCraw,
- ‘ Each victories, as loud’s they can
- ‘ On busked pipes, shall blaw ;
- ‘ Before the drums and fifes, whan gaan
- ‘ Behind the Deacon’s twa,
- ‘ To Reesty’s clinkum-tolls in van,
- ‘ They’ll moan, o’er Grumphy’s fa’,

Ohon ! Ohæ !

- ‘ Wee Chanter, ever and anon,
 - ‘ That frae his pipes can speak,
 - ‘ Shall cheer each solemn pause, alone,
 - ‘ And Goosy ! Goosy ! squeak,
 - ‘ Whilst, at his elbow, great MacDrone,
 - ‘ With wide inflated cheek,
 - ‘ Shall, frae his bag, like thunder groan,
 - ‘ Ere both blow, joining meek,
- Oh-hon ! Oh-hæ ! (4)

- ‘ Our twa woo’-gathering gipsy jads
 - ‘ At Reesty’s sides shall stap,
 - ‘ Sheep’s skins, unshorn, shall be their mawds, (5)
 - ‘ Ilk wi’ her paritch cap,
 - ‘ O’ guid aik tree, a pint that ha’ds
 - ‘ O’ oat meal stirred wi’ sap,
 - ‘ And thivle at it ; these, wi’ dads,
 - ‘ They’ll on their bottoms rap, (6)
- To’s tinklings gay.

- ‘ Here, Bauldy ! tak’ my lang coat tails ?
 - ‘ And tie them on your staff ?
 - ‘ The pockets pois’d, will hing like scales,
 - ‘ The skirts the winds will waff ;
 - ‘ The great woo’-sheers will clip the gales ;
 - ‘ E’en let our neighbours laugh,
 - ‘ While steam frae my bare breeks exhales,
 - ‘ That seem fill’d fu’ o’ draff——
- But we delay ! !

(4) Agreeably to the melancholy character of Highland music. See Dr Grahame’s *Scenery of Perthshire*.

(5) Mawds; plaids, or mantles.

(6) Thivle; the broze, or porridge stick, for mizing the meal with the hot water. Those of tinkers and beggars are fixed to the ears of their caps with strings.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samuel's manner, and delivery :—the parties prepare for Donkey's Triumph.---The procession described,---it ends at the Smiddy ;---the Smith described,---the entertainment,---the dance.---The Miller's proposal,---is seconded by his friend ;---Cuddy's explanation, and query,---their effects on the youngsters, and the Tup,---the query answered by Laird Giffard,---Samuel's mode of shewing his gratitude,---is rejected by the Laird's daughter,---breaks up the dance ;---Miss Giffard described,---by whom conducted home ;---the cruelless Tup's melancholy reverie,---is roused from it by Laird Giffard,---and sent back to his bottle :---the guests, gradually, retire to the land of Nod.---None left with the host, but the Ass and the Tup,---they get drunk,---attempt to sing ;---fall off their seats,---are carried to bed :---dream of the Boar, and repeat their Triumphs.---The Lintoun Cabal meet at the jovial Smith's next day, for their morning draught :---the Ass, Tup, and Boar, all in bed at noon !!!

THE ARGUMENT.
CANTO IX.

Thus docketed miller Samuel spoke,
 'Twixt mony humphs ! and haws !
 Took snuff before he silence broke,
 And after every pause ;
 When a' the musketeers and fo'k,
 Drum ! fife ! and shout applause !

Ere minutes ten, by Giffard's clock,
Each to his station draws,
 'Midst rowts, and bā-ās !

Gross skirtless Samuel's shoulders broad,
The coat tails fluttering nigh,
Great *Nicolas* in Triumph rode,
Now elevated high ;
As with looks asinine he strode,
Lads shout, and lasses cry !
Whilst eweless Samuel, with his load,
Dame *Euphan Veitch* gaed by,
And fiddles play.

Wi' 's face as red's a north-wast moon,
 Like on an ass a soo,
 Fat ginge'-bread Ben, symbolic loon,
 Before them coughed cuckoo !
 His Gouk's-hill ass, too, answered soon,
 As weell as ass could do ;
 The tinklers' pats clink to Ben's tune,
 To's ass, their cuddies true

Responsive bray :

Ahead the kickmalesies twa,
Auld Bauldy, wi' his bell,
And skirt-hung staff, heegh, o'er them a',
Rang Grumphy's funeral knell ;
The creeshy Deacon's cow-horns blaw
Sic morts would courage quell ;
Whilst pipes, frae bags dolorous, draw,
'Twixt drummings, fifings, fell,
O !-hon ! O !-hae !

Those Lintoun lads had lance, or gun,
Like fold, of pailing, gaed ;
The staff's-point sheers, and scull upon,
A pastoral Trophy made ;

For cauldrie carlines, carlines nice, (2)

Wi' butter, boiled and beat,
And dusted o'er wi' grunded spice,
Their auld heart-bluids tae heat,
And stomachs swall, that winds may rise ;
And cocky-leeky sweet, (3)
Wi' leeks, and raisins fu' o' joice,
Round chanticleers for meat,

In soup like whey :

Pow's-sowdy, king's-hoods, mony-plies, (4)

Sheep's trotters, hot and hot,
Hens, sausages, and mutton pies,
Frae oven, spit, and pot,

name of Whigs : The country party found a resemblance between the courtiers and the Popish banditti in Ireland, to whom the appellation of Tory was affixed. And after this manner, these foolish terms of reproach came into public and general use ; and even at present, in the year 1756, 'seem not nearer their end than when they were first invented.' HUMPHREY.

Whig, from the Saxon, signifies also *whey* ; and is said, by *Crookshanks* in his *Church History*, to have given the name of *Whigs* to the poor suffering Scotch Conventiclers in 1666, from their being forced, owing to their poverty, to drink so much *Wigg* in their wanderings after their Covenanted preachers : it likewise the name of a leavened wheaten *bread*, with thin crust, brown and round above, and white and flat below, gradually contracting to a point at each end : a *cooky* is a bread of the same kind, thickest in the middle, but *circular*, like the pates of the English Puritans, from cropping their hair, called *Round-heads* ; opposed to the Cavaliers, and Malignants. It is curious to find Cromwell's Saints in 1656, and Buonaparte's braves in 1806, from whom the practice has now become general over all Europe, both, though of such opposite characters, under usurpers, the one after the decapitation of the mild Charles the First, and the other after the beheading of the inoffensive Louis the Sixteenth, following the same, it must be confessed, indeed, an excellent, cleanly, and convenient custom of polling their polls.

(2) *Carlines*, old wives ; also boiled pease.

(3) *Cocky-leeky* ; soup of one or more cocks, for butcher-meat, boiled with leeks and raisins.

(4) *Pow-sowdy*, ram-head soup ; king's hoods, mony-plies, parts of the entrails, or in-meat of cattle.

Roasts, boils, and stews, toasts, broils, and frica,
 Frae th' spence, and kitchen brought,
 To their ain steams gave fresh supplies,
 Ilk sheep cramm'd to the throat,
 In its ain way.

Now, blyth, the younkers raise tæ dance,
 The fiddles play'd na' ill,
 And, whilst they touzle, ramp, and prance,
 The carles took their gill;
 The carlines watch'd their weans askance,
 Lest they'd do other ill;
 The Tup, and Ass, things to advance,
 O' ale and whisky swill,
 At evening gray;

Says Samuel, 'as, *in law*, is dead
 ' The Boar, my friends, I think,
 ' An' pipes his funeral dirge have play'd,
 ' We should his dredgy drink.'
 ' I'll pledge you neighbour! who's afraid?'
 Cries Cuddy, 'to the brink,
 ' We'll fill! and howl o'er him in bed—
 ' But feeagh! man! how you stink!
 Has ought gi'en way?

• Its war than assafœtida,
 ' Or compost midden's smells!
 • Whane'er you budge, you send a flaw
 ' As strong as Moffat wells!
 • Whan frae your mouth your breath you blaw,
 ' Or rax your oxtèr gells,
 • Or down about your breeks you claw,
 ' Ilk move, like foumart, tells
 The scents ye ha'e!'

Tehee! the lasses crouching, sneer!
 Their noses ha'd and laugh!

The chiels gaffaw ! the Tup look'd queer,
 And stood like sticked ca'f ;
 Till great Laird Giffard prov'd it clear,
 As his horn-headed staff,
 That Donkey wanted but to jeer,
 And spoke in his beha'f,

Wi' a his sway :

Made caidgy fain, the Tup the squad
 Gaed up to wi' a prance,
 To show he yet some mettle had,
 To ask a lass tæ dance ;
 Laird Giffard's self was miss's dad,
 Not sought, of oourse, by chance ;
 But tired, and thinking Samuel mad,
 She, and the rest, at ance,

A' ran away !

The dog-days het were at their height,
 The Tup had grown right ree,
 Laird Giffard's help had made him light,
 And to his daughter flee ;
 Before he had concerted right,
 As if she would agree,
 Like ghaist new rais'd, the docked fright
 Cam' stammering to her free,

Some stuff to bā-ā !

Laird Giffard's gimmer was fu' braw,
 Weell rigg'd out, tight, and clean ;,
 Her hair was black as ony craw,
 Nor fat she was, nor lean,
 Her skin was maist as white as snaw,
 She had bright pawky een,
 Wi' cherry cheeks, like her papa,
 The flower o' Lintoun Green

She was that day ;

A buxom, hearty, proper lass,
 Could spin baith lint and woo',
 Wash, cook, and bake, shear corn, or grass,
 Kirn butter, drain a coo,
 Rick, fill, cart, spread a shairny mass,
 Mak' cheese, and milk a ewe,
 Through reel wi' ony swankie pass
 That ever wore a shoe

On Market Day ;

Could draw, wi' grace, a chucky's neck,
 Tæ a' its skraighings dull,
 Frae' her white skin, without a speck
 Then clean her feathers pull ;
 In tub, for mill, could clothes collect,
 And tramp them till they full ;
 And to her betters blithe could beck ;
 And kemp wi' Kate, or Wull,

On harvest day :

Her father's sire, true to the Kirk,
 Had join'd the Solemn League,
 His name, at length, with broken dirk,
 Carv'd on the *Harbour Craig*, (5)
 'Mong dates, initials, pastime mirk,
 Appear'd with martyrs vague,
 Though by some conscientious quirk,
 He had escap'd the plague

Of Charles's day ;

(5) The *Harbour-Craig*, to which many of the Covenanters fled, after their defeat at Rullion Green ; a singular rock, south-east from New-Hall house, on the lands of Carlops, at the north-end of the parish of Lintoun, and county of Tweed. dale, of which a portrait and description is given in the *Scenary* edition of *The Gentle Shepherd*. See also in Dr Pennecuik's works, the *Description of Tweeddale*, by him and Mr Forbes of New-Hall. It is only a few miles south from Rullion Green.

The Cross, on which his mither's stood,
 Her father's statue bore,
 Which made her, not a little, prood,
 And others yield the door ;
 Jack Douglas, of the Hall, (6) a crood
 O' rival hearts made sore,
 Who led, with a' the sisterhood,
 And their gallants a score,
 Her home that day.

Thus 'twas, that gratitude misjudged
 The Lintoun ball broke up ;
 Aff crowders, lads, and lasses trudged,
 To shun the eweless Tup :
 Poor Samuel, petrified, ne'er budged,
 Till Giffard, wi' a whup
 Upon the back, at which he fudged,
 Bade him gae mind his cup,
 And no look wae.—

The auld and young, by anes and twas,
 Towards the land of Nod,
 As they inclined, now slipt their wa's ;
 Some walk't to't, others rode :
 Ay less, and less, the circle draws ;
 Till, with their host, abode,
 Their kitchen, bitter, black bashaw,
 But, sotting alamode,
 The beastly twæ :

Nicon's *Misfortunes* Five forgot,
 Soon, in a jovial key,
 He tried to clear his tuneless throat,
 And sing a social glee :
 Poor Samuel, too, essayed a note ;
 At length he grew so rec,

(6) The Hall-House of Lintoun. See Dr Pennecuik's warks.

He scarce could grasp of ale a pot,
Or glass before him see,

Or hear a bray !

The Ass and Tup, in harsh duet,
Discordant, bray and bleat,
Till ne'er a sound they out could get,
And each fell aff his seat,
With meat, and drink, and sleep, beset,
From their exertions great :
The Boar, in dreams, again they met ;
Wi' him again debate,

And raise a fray !—

Was never seen in Lintoun Town,
Since e'er it had a fair,
Sic crowds a' rinnan' up and down,
And through it sic repair,
As was that Market Day in June ;
Sae mony fo'k were there,
Ilk but, and ben, aneath, aboon,
Was filled, baith late, and ear',

That merry day.---

Next morning soon the *Smith's Cabal* (7)


Met for their morning draught,
Wi' Giffard, Dowglass of the Hall,
O' ale tæ tak' a waught,
Wi' Gibbie Elliot, Younger small,
And those they with them brought ;---
But Ass, and Tup, and Boar, withal,
In bed were to be sought

At noon next day !!!

(7) See Dr Pennecuik's works, among the poems, '*The Lintoun Cabal*,' in allusion, seemingly, to the great political Cabal, and Charles the Second's cabinet council, in 1671, composed of Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale, the initial letters of whose names produce the word Cabal. This ludicrous comparison would be highly relished, and make an excellent joke, at *that* time.

THE
WEAPON-SHOWING,
ON THE
KING'S-MUIR AT PEEBLES,
IN 1627.

The following MUSTER-ROLL, and WEAPON-SHOWING, copied from Captain Armstrong's '*Companion*' to his '*Map of Tweeddale*,' is to be found in the *Notes on the Tweed*, in *Dr Pennecuik's Works*. Notwithstanding of the improvements that must have taken place, at least among the regular forces, in military tactics and appointments, between the years 1627 and 1685, it is here annexed to them as a curious illustration of Dr Pennecuik's ironical '*Panegyrick*,' with its sequel '*Lintoun Green*,' and of the rural manners of those in the Lowlands of Scotland in the Seventeenth Century.



THE
WEAPON-SHOWING.

“ AT that part of the Borrow-Muir of PEEBLES, called the *King's-Muir*; in presence of James Nasmyth of Posso, Sheriff-depute of the Sheriffdom of Peebles, the 15th day of June, 1627, being the ordinary day and place appointed for the mustering and showing of weapons of the said sheriffdom; conform to an act made by the Lords of his Majesty's secret council thereanent, and publication following thereon:—Compeared the Barons and others underwritten; and gave in their musters, and showing of the weapons, in manner following, viz.

William Brown, in Wester Happlew, bailie to my Lord Yester; in his Lordship's name, well horsed, with jack, plet sleeves, steel bonnet, pistol, and sword; accompanied with threescore five horsemen, and four footmen, all with lances and swords, dwelling on the noble Lord Yester's lands, in the parishes of Peebles, Lyne, Stobo, and Drummelzier.

James Chisholm in Glenholm, for my Lord Earl of Wigtoun; well horsed himself, accompanied with seven horsemen, with lances and swords, dwelling on the said noble Earl his lands, lying in the parish of Glenholm.

Sir Archibald Murray of Darn-hall, well horsed, with a collet; accompanied with forty-two horse-

men, with lances and swords, ten jacks and steel bonnets, within the parishes of Kilbucho and Eddleston.

The Laird of Glenkirk, absent himself; four of his men present, well horsed, with lances and swords, within the parish of Glenholm.

James Geddes of Rachan, present himself, well horsed, with jack, steel bonnet, sword and pistol; with five horsemen, with lances and swords, within the parish of Glenholm.

Adam Gillies, portioner of Whitslaid, present, well horsed, with a lance and sword, in the parish of Glenholm.

James Cockburn, bailie for Sir John Hamilton of Skirling, knight, present, for the said Sir John; accompanied with horsemen, all with lances and swords, and four jacks, in the parishes of Skirling, and Robertson, (in Lanarkshire).

The Laird of Stenhope, absent himself; seven of his men present, horsed all, with lances and swords; in the parish of Broughton.

The Laird of Haldon, absent himself; John Waldon, his bailie, present in his name, accompanied with ten horsemen, and twelve footmen, with lances and swords; in the parish of Broughton.

The Laird of Romanno, present himself, well horsed, with a sword, with four horsemen, with lances and swords; within the parish of Newlands.

The Laird of Walton, absent himself; nine of his men present, with lances and swords; in the parishes of Peebles, and Eddleston.

John Sander of Foulage, present for Foulage and Melin's land, well horsed, with jack, plet sleeves and steel bonnet, sword and lance; within the parish of Peebles.

The Laird of Smifield, absent himself; nine of his men present, horsed, with one footman, all with swords and lances; in the parish of Peebles.

The Laird of Horsbrugh, present, for the lands of Hutchinfield, well horsed, with a collet, buff coat, steel bonnet, with lance and sword; parish of Peebles.

The Laird of Langlaw-hill, present, well horsed, with jack, steel bonnet, with lance and sword; with thirteen horsemen, with swords and lances; within the parish of Broughton.

David Murray of Halmire, well horsed, accompanied with thirty-nine horsemen, and a buff coat, collet; all the rest with lances and swords; within the parishes of Newlands, Stobo; and Drummelzier.

Thomas Thomson, in Bonnington, present, horsed, with lance and sword; parish of Peebles.

Thomas Bullo, in Bonington, present, horsed, with sword and lance; parish of Peebles.

Thomas Scott of Hundleshope, absent himself; six of his men present, horsed, with two footmen, all with lances and swords; parish of Mannor.

James Scott of Cruickston, absent himself; two of his men present, footmen, with lances and swords; parish of Peebles.

William Burnet, elder of Barns, present, well horsed, with a buff coat and steel bonnet, lance and sword; accompanied with seven horsemen, with lances and swords, with a footman with a lance; within the parish of Mannor.

The Laird of Mannor, present; accompanied with seven horsemen, all with swords and lances; within the parish of Mannor.

Robert Porteous, for Winkston, present, with a buff coat, a pair of pistols, and a rapier; within the parish of Peebles.

The Laird of Dalwick, present, well horsed, with a sword; accompanied with one horseman, with one sword and lance; parish of Dalwick.

Robert Pringle of Chapelhill, present, well horsed, with a lance, pistol, and sword; with one

footman with a lance ; within the parish of Peebles.

The Laird of Hartree, absent himself ; ten of his men present, horsed, with lances and swords, parish of Kilbucho.

William Brown of Logan, present, well horsed, with lance and sword ; and a horseman with nothing ; parish of Glenholm.

William Scott of Glenrath, absent himself ; four of his men present, horsed, with lances and swords, and a steel bonnet ; in the parish of Manor.

Rowland Scott, for his part of Deins-houses, present, horsed, with jack, steel bonnet, sword and lance ; parish of Newlands.

————— for his part of Deins-houses, present, croset ; with seven jacks, steel bonnets, swords, and lances ; in the parish of Newlands.

William Tweedie, younger of Wrae, present, horsed, with one horseman, both with lance and sword ; parish of Glenholm.

John Patterson, portioner of Broughton-shield, present, well horsed, with lance and sword ; parish of Broughtoun.

The Laird of Glack, absent himself, three of his men present, horsed, with two lances and swords ; parish of Manor.

The Laird of Halkshaw, absent himself ; four of his men present, with three lances and swords, horsed ; in the parish of Drummelzier.

The Laird of Posso, sheriff-depute foresaid, with buff coat, steel bonnet ; two pistols and sword, accompanied with twelve horsemen, with lances and swords.

Total, 294 Horsemen, and 10 Footmen."

* * See the *Companion* to Captain Armstrong's Map of Tweeddale ; and *Dr Pennecuik's Works*, p. 304, *Notes*.



INTRODUCTION.

THE preceding ironical PANEGYRICK ON THE ROYAL ARMY OF SCOTLAND, IN MAY 1685, with its sequel 'LINTOUN GREEN,' alludes to the ever-memorable Revolution in Britain, as the following, also rustic and humourous, verses entitled 'CARLOP GREEN' do to that in France, about a century thereafter. In November 1688, the former took place: in November 1788 the French Revolution had begun; in July 1789 the Bastille was taken, and razed by the mob; and on 21st January 1793 Louis the XVI. was ferociously and publicly beheaded, after a mock trial.

ALL the three Poems are written in favour of the natural, unerring, steady, beneficial principles of rational regulated liberty, such as that obtained by our Bill of Rights: in opposition to Popery, intolerance, despotism, Toryism, and Jacobitism, on the one hand; and infidelity, licentiousness, levelling, and Jacobinism, on the other. They afford specimens of the descriptive poetry of the Lowlands of Scotland, from the same pastoral district which produced Ramsay's celebrated comedy, and not

INTRODUCTION.

far from its Metropolis, in the years 1685 and 1793, connected by corresponding events of the first interest and importance in the two neighbouring and most powerful nations in the world, although as different in their immediate objects and effects, as the organizing of consistent and durable freedom, enforced by the Chartered establishment of the innate, wholesome, and invigorating equality of just claims, is, from the wild, frantic, inconsiderate destruction of all the rights, rewards, regulations, ranks, subordinations, distinctions, attachments and principles, divine and human, by which order, and social life are supported and cemented.

THE subsequent Poem itself is composed, as to subject, scenery, character, and rustic gaiety, in the same stile of humour with that which prevailed so much in Scotland among our leading wits, before the Union with England, headed by their accomplished, and merry Monarchs, James the First, and James the Fifth; but, with what success, public opinion and time can alone determine.

EDINBURGH, }
A. D. 1817. }

CARLOP GREEN,

OR

EQUALITY REALIZED.

THE ARGUMENT.

The site of the Green---of the Town---of the Inn, with the sign of Mause the Witch's Head,---how far frow Edinburgh,---the surrounding objects :---Markets, twice a year, on the Green,---when held,---and what pastoral contest, and exhibition at each.

CANTO I.

ON one side of the conic rocks
The Carline louped between
A glen turns, northward, to the Esk ;
On t' other side's a Green : (1)

(1) For the objects alluded to in this ballad, see the *scenary* edition of *The Gentle Shepherd*, with a *Map, Views, and Descriptions* ; and *Dr Pennesuit's Works*, with the *Description of Tweed* : dated by him, and Mr Forbes of New-Hall, with notes.

Along the glen, a little Town
 The rocks fræ't runs to a brig ;
 On this the hill, on that the bræ ;
 The town's baith snng, and trig:

The brig is built aboon a ford ;
 Below it is the stance
 Of Peggy's Mill ; and o'er 't a howm,
 Where was a yearly dance : (2)

The street in breadth is sixty feet ;
 The houses all are neat,
 With doors and windows painted white,
 And roofs of tyle and slate :

Half-way between the rocks and brig,
 The street spreads to a square,
 A fountain there supplies the town
 And keeps it clean and fair:

Behind the opening 'twixt the craigs
 Runs bright the village forth,
 'Tween and gay Patie's 'Spittal hill,
 Its shelter on the north :

As far's the square, the houses line
 The street without a bend ;
 Along the level street is viewed
 The fount at yonder end.

Eastle the rocks, a canty Inn,
 Gives lodging, beer, and bread ;
 Over the door it has the sign
 Of Mause, the witch's Head ;

(2) The scene of *Peggy's Mill*, a ballad, in the Appendix to the *Second edition of The Gentle Shepbe. d.*

'Tis thirteen miles from Edinburgh,
 Upon the Biggar road,
 Which runs below the Pentland hills,
 Through where the green is broad :

Besouth the craigs the Carline lived,
 So blithsome *Ramsay* tells,
 When Madge ance Bauldy sent away
 With touzled harigells ;

The Tree still stands, where like a stane,
 Half petrified with fear,
 He stopt in sight, and swithered lang
 'Ore he durst venture near ;

It grows beside a little well
 East from the inn and rocks,
 And of west winds fræ Carlop-hill
 It still can bear the shocks. (3)

The craigs be-north of Mause's hut,
 Directly intervene,
 And make a narrow pass betwixt
 The village and the Green :

Beyond the green, half round it, south,
 There sweeps a trotting burn,
 Beneath a gently rising bank
 Directing every turn,

(3) Roger's Habitation, between Mause's cottage at the conic rocks, and the well and blasted tree, and north of the Green, was once used as an inn. See in *Pennecuk's Works*, the Description of Tweeddale, *Of the North-Esk* ; and for *Views* of the objects referred to the *Scenary edition of The Gentle Shepberd*.—Before Dr Pennecuk's day it was the mansion of the estate ; and after, in the time of Allan Ramsay, the farm-stead to the whole lands of Carlops, as one sheep-walk, on their annexation to the estate of New-Hall. In the ruin is still to be seen the great hall window.

Till ending in a swelling know,
 Formed by King Charlie's Nick,
 It opens to a haugh below
 And lets it pass it quick :

In distant vista down this vale,
 Flanked by smooth sloping ground,
 O'er Kitly-bridge appears the House,
 Where Simon once was found,

Upon its height, whence down to Gland
 O'er loyal news to laugh,
 In old times, oft across the burn
 He stept to bein Monk's-haugh : (4)

East, from this valley's southern edge,
 Springs up the Rumbling-well ;
 West, up its Dean, three curious mounts,
 Contrast the Carlop-hill.

Upon this flat expanded spot,
 Whence all these round appear,
 A Market's seen, the Twenty-Third
 Of April, every year ; (5)

'Twixt Patie's-hill and Roger's-rig, (6)
 The Poet's Tower ascends ; (7)

(4) See *The Gentle Shepherd*, Act. 2, Scene 1.

(5) See the Almanacks.

(6) Two farm-steads, north and north-east from the village of Carlops.

(7) To the memory of Allan Ramsay, the Poet; on the Girth-hill. For an account of the *Girths*, (the Judicial Circles of the Celts. and Sanctuaries, or Druidical places of refuge) see Huddleston's edition of *Toland's History of the Druids*.

There pastoral flutes, with vernal glee,
For the prize-pipe contend : (8)

Another, in October's held,
Upon its fifteenth day ;
This day, when *Ramsay* first drew breath,
The green is ever gay ; (9)

To crowds, at e'en, amidst the scenes
That gave his drama birth
The Shepherds act it to the life,
And crown his fame with mirth.

The Tents are pitched upon the heights,
The merchandise to hold ;
And to attract the dealers more,
Well covered from the cold ;

There ginger-bread, and ribbons gay,
Are placed to catch the eye,
For older heads too, whisky stoups,
That all may come and buy :

The farmers hale, their cattle bring ;
The young-folk all convene ;
And many a fairing is exchanged (10)
That day at CARLOP-GREEN :

(8) These annual contests, among the Shepherds of the Pentland hills, at Ramsay's Tower, in the Spring, for a Scots Pastoral flute, recall the days of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, and the competitions for the Prize-pipe, amidst the Arcadian scenes of Sicily and Italy, which constitute the chief subjects of their *Idyls* and *Elogues*. *Improvisatori* still abound in Egypt, Sicily, and Italy ; where Shepherds contend in song, as in the pastoral ages of antiquity.

(9) See the Almanacks.

(10) A gift ; usually among the lads and lasses, at fairs, and to their relatives and friends on returning home.

Rowth o' a' kinds, ilk size and sort,
On Market-days go there,
To see, or hear, or show themselves
At every *Carlop Fair*.

THE ARGUMENT.

The inhabitants about the Green, and in the Town,—the attendants at the Fairs,—Baillic Brock—Mass John, the Minister of the Parish,—the Lettergæ—Johnny Jow, the beadle—Israel, and the Children of Israel—Elder Sam—the Miller—the Smith—smuggler Auld—the Distillers—joiner Gentleman—the Post arrives—Squirt passes through the Toll, from Gowk's-hill—his budget of news—Oration to the wabsters, on the blessings of Equality—its success in the Town—repeats the news, and every where, to every one,—the Cadger,—wee Yuky the wright,—the Tailors, his sons,—Gawfer and his Ass,—Toll-Roby,—the Washy-Wauker,—Whillywha,—Tuncan Thu,—Cobler Drunkie,—the Lintoun Laird, with his Lady, brother, and grieve,—the Carlop Colliers, and Lime-quarriers—Other inhabitants, and visitants,—the Cattle, and occurrences at the Markets.—The Carlop Wives.

CANTO II.

HERE Patie, ance fræ Harlaw-Muir,
 Wi' Meg, by Habbie's How,
 And Jenny cam', wi' them fræ Glau'd's,
 To Roger fræ the know ; (1)

(1) See the *Scenary* edition of the *Gentle Shepherd*; and the *Description of Tweeddale* in Dr Lennec's *Works*.

Now, lads bring Bess fræ New-Hall-Mains,
 Wi' hair o' hazel hue,
 And Mary sweet, fræ' Spital near,
 Sæ fair, wi' eyes o' blue:

Out fræ the glen, behind the pass,
 House-holders of the Town;
 All round run to the *Market-Green*,
 Baith villager and clown.

Stiff, still, stuir, hard-grown Bailie Brock,
 Great man! oft figures there,
 Near Ramadge, panting for his post,
 His predecessor's heir:

There cripple Ramadge, Proteous-like,
 Can rise or can descend,
 Stand on his long leg or his short,
 Just as it serves his end;

Just as it suits his secret views,
 To see, hide, own, deny,
 This, that perceives, or that, that's blind,
 Can open either eye.

And there's seen, selfish short Mass John,
 Like sow, or sheep-hog, fat, (2)
 As sleek's a mole, or puppy young,
 And black and round's a pat,

Casting his airs, and knappan' fine (3)
 Tæ ilk ane o' the place,
 Their buttons ha'dan', wi' his mouth,
 Rammed close up to their face,

(2) Sheep are called *Hogs* from the time they are first smeared at Martinmas, until they are first shorn; so that there are *sheep*, as well as *sow Hogs*.

(3) To *knapp* is to affect the English dialect and accent. See *Dr Pennecuik's Works*.

And then, their shouthers clappan' kind,
 Advisan' like guid bairns,
 Them tæ keep mind o' stipends due,
 How hardly them he earns ;

And here, as proud, fat, short, and braw,
 Shines forth his Lettergæ, (4)
 And his Kirk-Session, Elders a',
 To grace the holiday ;

Wi' hingan'-chafted Johny Jow,
 Wi' nose on's face tæ smell,
 Een like a cat, and tapering pow,
 That rings Mass John's Kirk bell,

His Reverence shaves, his Bible bears,
 And lays it on the pu'pit,
 Fishes wi' gaud and net, but whiles,
 Gets, fu', himsel' weell douket ;

And Israel, northward, fræ Canaan,
 Wi' een no' parallel,
 And wi' him, too, fræ Jordan, a' (5)
 The Children of Israel ;

Auld Elder Sam, till set wi' 's son,
 Whose palsied noddle shakes,
 Here, first his hands, and then his head,
 Pure whisky steady makes :

(4) *Lettergæ*, the reader, or church precentor, who lets go, i. e. gives out the tune to be sung by the rest of the congregation. See the *notes* to Ramsay's continuation of King James's *Chorist's Kirk on the Green*.

(5) *Canaan*, northward, a place so-called, near Egypt, on the south side of Edinburgh, and on the road to Carlisle; *een no'* eyes not; *Jordan*, a rivulet so called, on the south side of Canaan, about a mile and a half from Edinburgh, near which lived a man about the years 1792 and 1793, whose Christian name was *Israel*, and whose children, of course would be *The Children of Israel*.

Here's oft the Miller, claveran' calf,
 A miser sæ complete,
 He grudges whan he works, because
 It gars him hearty eat,

Wi' mouth as wide as a mill door,
 That lives on sour-milk-cheese,
 Sawt herrings, tawties, water kale,
 And counts his peats, and bees,

And whan tobacco's cheap but chews,
 Swallows the sap, it toasts,
 When dry it smokes, then snuffs the awss,
 That naething may be lost ;

Can gifn and laugh, and stories lang,
 O' wonderous trifles tell,
 'Bout what he did, and what he saw,
 And happened tæ himsel' ;

That giggles oft, and smirks maist sweet,
 Whan but to hide his spite,
 And this way, safely, show his teeth,
 Whan he's afraid to bite :

Here's too, the feghtan', staran' stirk ;
 And his big brother nowt,
 That kicks his muckle brosy wife,
 Like a great flingan' cowl :

And, soor shangy-mou'd Shavelock sweer,
 Billy tæ Oyster-lugs,
 The son o' the lang-chinned blinker,
 That gear and cunzie hugs ;

And leean' Dobie, Dickie's son,
 Wi' shoothers up and doon.

The tane 'maist brizzan' on his rump,
The t'ither, near his croon :

And here's, precise, the wabster prig,
As if by fortune crost,
That stalks about, with solemn step,
Like Hamlet's father's ghost :

The hirplan', short, smith-body here
Creeps wi' his cripple leg,
That bans sæ muckle about his skeell,
Tho' scarcely worth a cleg,

That better bluids a horse than he,
Without or mell or phleme,
Can flee, and with ten times his speed,
To others do the same :

And here's the pug-like smilan' Pegh ; (6)
Wi' the powowit poll, (7)
A' black and hairy tæ the nose,
Sæ dirty and sæ droll :

And here the sturdy smuggler Auld,
Wi' his stiff shank, is seen,
As thick again 's his soople prop,
Stiltan' out o'er the Green,

To's dochter, and guid-dochter, come
Fræ Tweed's-Muir him to meet,
Tho' but twa een they'd 'twixt them baith,
Wi' deaf Dass Splutterfeet ;

(6) *Pegh*, a *Piet*. The *Picts* are supposed by the vulgar to have been dwarfs.

(7) *Powowit*, a *Tadpole*, or *Porwiggle*.

And the daft wabster, fræ the haugh,
 That wi' the Pegh distills,
 Among the birks on the brae-side,
 A hole in, at a well:

And here's great joiner Gentleman,
 That, whan no mending, plews,
 His crummie flits, and calfy feeds, (8)
 And spells the printed news;

The cadger's son, that got the wife,
 Sæ grand, wi' pride and cash,
 That soon she crackt the curn o' brains, (9)
 Within his ram-skulled pash:

Spare Spelding, by the ford that bides,
 His tup-horn trumpet-nose,
 Here, like a cannon, crammed wi' sneesh,
 Discharges when he blows't;

When empty, or he'll not lay opt,
 For snuff, its extra cost,
 Its sound's aft taken at the bridge,
 For the arriving Post,

That here, fræ Reekie-Auld, begins
 To blaw the brayan' blast
 Fræ's tootan' horn, till through the Town,
 And yont the rocks he's past;

Or, fræ *Beinn-na-Cuachaig*, (10)
 Wi' Gowk-hill-news sick-fu',

(8) To *flit* a horse or cow, is to shift them by their *tedder*, from place to place, as their pasture becomes bare.

(9) A *Curn* is a small quantity of any thing.

(10) *The Hill of the Cuckoo*, now *Pennetrick*, north eastward, four miles.

For Squirt's cuckoo! the gate in haste
To open, and let him through,

That he may get within the Toll,
Before that aught gets out,
To spew his budget-fu' o' tales,
And wonders 'mongst the rout,

In state, to tell the wabsters round,
' Was razed the proud Bastile;
' With it, that all were levelled now,
' And every thing gaed weell,

' For Prussians, and Hungarians, but
' To Paris half-way got,
' When hunger sent them scampering back
' Soon at the back-door-trot; (11)

' That Louis' ~~self~~ was guillotined;
' The people bore the sway;
' That here, too, each would soon be free,
' To eat and nothing pay,

' Without one higher than himself,
' To call him to account,
' For word, or deed, or bond, or debt,
' Whatever its amount;

' That all were to be *fraternized*;
' Were to have *bonnets red*;
' And were to serve, each man himself,
' Without another's aid,

(11) The haste occasioned by a diarrhoea, or dysentery, as happened to the invaders then, from hunger, and bad provisions.

- ' As the *Equality* to reign,
' Requires that all should do,
- ' That all may independent live,
' And none his service rue,
- ' Or grow by it, so as to draw
' From him another's wealth,
And thus *Equality* destroy,
' By making rich himself ;
- ' That soon they'll shuttles lay aside,
' Themselves but to amuse,
- ' That trade nor troking will take place,
' That none may gain nor lose ;
- ' That, all alike in fare and rank,
' As she'd export no more,
- ' Thus, still the nation will, at large,
' Be rich, as heretofore ;
- ' Ilk then, will choose for Minister,
' The priest that preaches best,
- ' Despising power, and worldly pelf,
' By deeds and words exprest,
- ' By teaching, like a pastor pure,
' That, like a flock o' sheep,
- ' His flock should to *Equality*,
' And love *fraternal* keep,
- ' Should in communion gifts enjoy,
' Partaking with each other,
- ' Without distinctions, to enslave,
' And plunder one another ;
- ' That a' will pasture where they please,
' Like Lot and Abraham ;

- ' The lands will a' be commons then,
' For horse, cow, sheep, and lamb ;
- ' Th' *embrace fraternal* will go round,
' Love will our thoughts engage,
- ' Then humblings, toil, and tax, will cease,
' As in the *Golden Age*,
- ' When men were in *Equality*,
' And spent their happy days,
- ' In doing nought, or what they chose,
' In pleasure's various ways,
- ' When ilk his couch left ear' or late,
' As he inclined of course,
- ' And, waking, ate, drank, piped, and danced,
' Or rade his hobby horse,
- ' Or walked, or, soft, like Danae lay,'
' On blushing beds of flowers,
- ' While scented zephyrs played around,
' 'Midst glittering golden showers:'

Thus Squirt to the first batch he meets,
And, finished his harangue,
Aff trots in state, it to repeat,
And sing his cuckoo-sang,

At every door, he open finds,
Upon the Lintoun road,
To every cadger, and his calves, (12)
O'ertaken wi' his load :

(12) *Cadger*, one who buys calves, pontry, eggs, butter, and other such articles about the country, and sells them to butchers, and retailers in towns.

Tho' scarce he'd first fræ Carlops gane,
 Whan Treaddles wrote it down,
 Signed for the '*Gowden Age*,' and fine
 '*Red bonnet*' for his crown ;

It copied too, the *People's Friends*,
 And a' the *Democrats*,
 Metred and sang't, when *half seas o'er*,
 To France in porter pats.

Here's seen the saftwoo'-carding sheep,
 That slavers o'er his wabs ;
 And carrying lies, fræ door tæ door,
 The sneaking, slandering Snabs ;

The cadger hard, wi' legs like rungs ;
 The bubbly block-head, Bumph ;
 The filthy, stinkand, sweaty smith ;
 And Sunky sour, the sumph ;

The tricky loon, though like a fool,
 Wi's bonnet and his maud, (13)
 That o'er his carpet walk's ilk day, (14)
 Wi' his heegh limber laud ; (15)

And soople, (16) Springy, that can jump,
 Metre, and Plays act weell,
 And, gadgers fræ rins, fræ his still,
 The moor o'er, like a de'il ;

(13) *Maud*, a plaid.

(14) *Carpet*, the name of a farm on the Carlop estate.

(15) *Laud*, lad, his son.

(16) *Sopple*, metre, gadgers, deil, ayont, boolety boo, wabawp, bluit-
 ers, soo, cald, shlater, meikle kye, braws, baweran' wheety wabs ; sup-
 ple, write metre, excise officers, devil, beyond, howlet owl,
 curlew, cries of a curlew, sow hog, cold infertile, slater, big
 belly, fine clothes, drawling out silly trifles.

And the guid grieve ayont the dyke,
 The lang hoolety-hoo,
 The whawp, frae the south, that bluiters
 In the bogs, like a soo,

Turning up, but cald marshy moss,
 Behind twa wading steers,
 That work and cash t' himself and friends,
 And loss to's master bears ;

And Nosy, the sklater, showan'
 His auld certificats,
 Meikle kyte, brows, and consequence,
 And haveran' wheety-whats ;

And skowrie snooled Snivel, his jobber,
 Wi's wife, the collier fell ;
 And, wi' 's glee'd jo, plast'rer Gash-gab,
 Nane ruises but himsell :

And here is Sugar, soft and sweet,
 Sæ canny and sedate, (17)
 That ne'er leaves out, even whan he prays,
 The words 'at ony rate ;'

And glaiked, Glib 'I'se tell ye *what*,
 That harps, whate'er ye say,
 'I'se tell ye what, and there's *that* in't,
 Conviction to convey ;

And slow, 'sæ did it' that repeats ;
 And barren Sandy Sieve,
 That has a fat cheek, and a lean,
 Cross-headed Cruity's grieve ; (18)

(17) *Canny* ; quiet, peaceable, cautious, prudent.

(18) *Grieve*, an overseer.

Baith proud bit bodies, wantan' weans, (19)
 That gars them whiles cast out,
 And Cruity feckless Sandy shore
 Frae's house tae pit him out :

Here's, frae Blair-bog, the pricker prim ;
 Cryned, (20) useless Yuky wee ;
 Round Huntipot, a manny crouse, (21)
 As bantam-cock could be ;

And, whid, frae Beggar-ha', baith yap, (22)
 The twa pert prick-the-lice,
 Wee Yuky's sons, to snuff about,
 For cheese and bread, like mice ;

And Gawfer, wi' his cutty-thees, (23)
 And lang lowse lampand legs,
 That crockery buys, and sells, and trokes, (24)
 But oftener steals, and begs,

Wi' wife, and weans, and cur, and creels,
 And social cuddy gray,
 On spyan' a friend, that brak his branks, (25)
 Lap, flang, and ran away,

And ran and brayed, and brayed and ran,
 Wi' coodies, pigs, and pack, (26)
 Ne'er headan' skirlan' (27) brats, nor creels,
 Till a' slæd aff his back :

(19) *Weans*, wee-anes, children.

(20) *Cry ed*, shrunk by drying.

(21) *Crouse*, bold in carriage, erect.

(22) *Yap*, hungry.

(23) *Cutty thees*, short thighs.

(24) *Trokes*, barter.

(25) *Branks*, a rustic bridle, with a piece of wood on each side of the mouth, through which the halter is drawn.

(26) *Coodies, pigs*, small wooden vessels, and earthen pitchers.

(27) *Skirlan*, shrieking, from the creels.

Toll Roby, like a bottle made,
 Here dry and dun 's a ham,
 Wi's braid round hat, and muckle clogs,
 Stands staran' like a ram ;

Here's Stiff his steeple o' a son ;
 Wise Holtye wi' his soo,
 And strong hen, haverel, tawny Meg, (28)
 Wi' Mirly, Marg'ets coo ;

And foul M'Fat, the pedlar rogue,
 New risen frae 'mang the awss, (29)
 That bangs his wife for being fu', (30)
 And breakan' marriage-laws ;

The washy-wauker, creepan' thing,
 Blue to his finger ends,
 Whase bouncing mate Ba's down the burn,
 And others, oft attends ;

Black Whilly-wha, the forging thief,
 That fiddles, bans, and lees, (31)
 That never rests frae trick and trot,
 Wi' his twa knockan' knees,

Wi' Tuncan Thu, his friend, at least
 While he a purse can draw,
 A swindling, hen-peckt, poisonous taid,
 The vilest o' them a',

And cockney, talking, tailor, Tom,
 Wi's prating English Moll,

(28) *Haverel*, gawky.

(29) *Awss*, ashes.

(30) *Fu'*, of liquor, drunk.

(31) *Lees*, lies.

That brands a leg, or pads an arm,
Or caps a hairless poll;

And elritch Girn-again, Goblin,
Wi' back out, and breast in,
That yatters, and barks fræ his know,
'Twixt the loch and the glyn;

And, smirkan', wi' his bonnet blue,
And pearl in his ee,
The baggy, brosy, Baudrans braid,
Sæ sleeky, and sæ slee; (32)

And, near him, greetan' Gander-feet;
That grat sæ sair the night,
On which he gied his snotted hand,
Tæ clatty Sloyster-kyte;

And lean, dun, Joe; and Davy daft,
The sticket-wabster-chiel;
Wi' mither Crab, for cloots and crumbs,
That rakes the awss sæ weel; (33),

And Luggy, the snibbed sutor's son;
That deals in ky and fibs,
And braid-nosed Geordy, brother calf,
Distillers fræ Guise-dibs;

And Freetock, wi' his flounder-face,
The haveran' gilly gawpy,
Wi's reefart-nosed, blae-checked wife,
Hallaket Jess, the tawpy,

(32) *Baggy, brosy, braid, sleeky, slee*; big-bellied and fat-cheeked, soft and fat with feeding on brose or pottage, broad and squat, smooth and insinuating, sly and selfish.

(33) *Greetand, clatty, daft, sticket-wabster-chiel, mither, cloots, weel*; crying like a child, dirty, wrong-headed, weaver-lad, who broke his apprenticeship, mother, rags, well.

Fræ Leith, that ' *Caller Haddy's* !' cried,
 'Ore Embraë' Burghers dined,
 Till Freetock after her she drew,
 Back to the *Sheep-head-Wynd*; (34)

And crouchy Car, wi's humpy gett,
 And 's hingan'-showthered Bess,
 Turned like a peary on its head;
 And Sall, as thrawn's an S;

And cobler Drunkie, corn that shears,
 Wi' 's pig-wife Kate, that begs,
 On her twa stumps, like water-stoups,
 Or gutty, short, Mons-Megs, (35)

An ill-sitten, shaughlan', sutor, he,
 Wi' bairnly squeaking voice,
 And fræ his mouth's ay oozing babbies,
 Mixt wi' tobacco joice:

And here shines the Laird, fræ the south,
 On his horse and his saddle;
 And Jock, the Laird's brither and guide,
 On yad and sunks astraddle;

And his Lady, on palfrey white,
 Ahint Gabriel, the grieve,
 Braid sittan' on her cushion saft,
 By his waist ha'dan' steeve,

(34) *Snibbed*, *ky*, *boveran'*, *gillygawpy*, *reefart*, *ble-checked*, *ballaket*, *sawpy*, *sheep-head-wynd*; *snibbed*, hen-pecked kept under and dispirited, *cows*, loquacious staring fool, *radish*, *livid-checked*, forward and witless, *simpleton*, the name of a lane in Leith.

(35) *Crouchy*, *bumpy*, *hingan'-showthered*, *peary*, *thrown*, *guttie*, *Mons-Meg*; round-backed, hump-backed, sloping-shouldered, a toy of wood shaped like a pear that children set a spinning with a string on its iron point, crooked, thick; a very large cannon, till lately in Edinburgh Castle, from Mons in Flanders, capable of holding two people, and now in the Tower of London.

And whupan', tæ quicken the rump
 O' the nag, tæ gar 't steer,
 Whan like tæ sink under the load
 O' Lady, grieve, and gear,

Videlicet, the pad and sunks,
 Skirt, josy, plaids, creels, sacks,
 A' swalled wi' goods, and pouch-fu's, bought,
 O' goodies, and nick-nacks,

Tæ victual the houtse for a month,
 And gytlings please at hame,
 Wi' ploombs till the next Carlop Fair,
 And cleed themselves and them.

And here come, colliers, wives, and weans,
 Fræ pits, black, boisterous crew !
 And squads o' limestane-quarriers dyed
 A' o'er wi' ochre too :

And here are drovers and dealers ;
 And horses, sheep, and kine,
 Farrow, yeld, and milk, fat and lean ;
 And bills, and coosers fine,

Wi' lads, on pownies, leadan' them,
 Wi' ribbands dressed, about,
 And some fast rinnan' to show aff,
 Ilk his weell-peppered cowl ;

And hogs, wi' heegh or hingan' lugs,
 In rowth, for fo'k tæ wale ; (36)

(36) *Shagbland, bairnly, bubbles, bills, ilk, cowl, heegh, hingan, rowth, wale ; looseill-made, childish, slavers, bulls, each, colt, high or pricked, hanging, plenty, choose from.*

And ewe and wedder hogs, and lambs,
Fræ Lintoun, too, for sale :

And tinklers mendan' pats and pans,
Close huddled in a heap,
Wi' cuddies, collies, wives, and weeanes,
Like a hirsle o' sheep :

A', or buyan' keen, or sellan',
Or beasts, or merchandize,
Or trokan', or busy bustlan',
As thrang 's a hive o' bees ;

Wi' walth o' rowtand, and neighan',
And brayand, and bā-ān',
And laughan', and gigglan', amang
Youngsters, and bairns playan'

Wi' trumps, drums, swords, and trumpets wee,
And fiddles for a groat,
And cheepan' birds, and jumpan' jacks,
And ba's and bools that stott ;

And ridan', and rinnan', as weell,
As walkan', and sittan',
And snuffan', crackan', and drinkan',
Blawan', chewan', spittan', (37)

Especially amang the auld
Carles and wives in the tents,
Whar they gab, till stopt by a fecht,
O' fairs, markets, and rents ;

And gutchers, granean', wi' grannies, •
In wigs, and curtches clean,
Wi' hirple and whost, fræ ingle side,
Joukan', guid day ! guid e'en !

(37) Cuddies, hirsle, walth, rowtand, ba-and, bairns, trumps, groat, cheepan', bools, stott, innand crackand, blawan d; Asses, flock, plenty, lowing, bleating, children, jew's harps, fourpence sterling; chirping birds, and jumping jacks toys; small bowls or marbles, rebound, running, chatting, smoking tobacco.

For smokan', tiplan', gossipan',
As lang as they can see;

For hatchan' tales, and nursan' lecs,
And for sculduddery foul,
For clishmaclavers, bites, and taunts,
Till they each other sowl: (40)

Here blear-eed phrasan' Marion dwells,
Wi' 'er pipe and tindel box;
And drinkan' Richy's drunken wife,
Beside the Carlop rocks;

Bauld Henny Hetface, whan no fu',
Ay eatan' on her legs,
Wi' 'r neeves baith filled wi' bread and cheese,
And pouches wi' hard eggs;

Big, beefy Batch, the Weeper's wife,
At night, that couldna' keep
Her feet gaan' hame, whan o'er the bog,
She was advised tæ creep;

Snell, punchy Peg, that whisky mak's,
As mad as a March hare;
Fell Christy, that can flyte and feght, (41)
While cripple Kate can stare;

The brosy Black-bird, and the Merl
Wi' her lang nose and chin,
That, whan she speaks, the words, 'yo zee,'
Ay, right or wrang, brings in;

(40) *Sculduddery clishmaclaver, sowl*; Scandal, idle talk, pull by the ears.

(41) *Blear-eed, phrasan, tindel-box, bauld, fu', neeves, gaan', snell, a, a, ch-bare, fell, flyte*; Blear-eyed, fair spoken wheedling, tinder-box for smoking, fiery drunk, fists, going, smart quick, hare in March, clever active, scold.

And, fræ Monks'-burn, the Yellow Flower,
 The lemon-headed bug,
 Wi' paddock cheeks, and ether's nose,
 A' mouth fræ lug tæ lug;

And May, that mak's pow-sowdy weell,
 Caudels, and brochens nice,
 For weddings, births, christenings, and deaths,
 Skink, and carlines wi' spice,

And crowdy-moudy, and het-pints
 Fit for the lips o' a queen,
 At the clachan at Kitly-brig,
 A mile below the Green;

The Lucky, that reads tea in cups,
 Can lasses' fortunes' spæ;
 Auld skirlan' Bet; and squeelan' Tib;
 And bardy Janet Gray:

These Carlop Wives, whan they convene;
 Though sober to't they came,
 Can fræ næ meetan' e'er contrive
 To get unfuddled hame. (42)

Such are the eccentricities,
 O' men, and women, seen,

(42) *Paddock-cheeks, ether's-nose, pow-sowdy, caudels, brochens, skink, carlines, crowdy moudy, het pints, clachan, lucky, skirlan, bardy, unfuddled; Yellow inflated cheeks like a frog's; spiteful sharp adder-like nose; ram-head soup; cathels, hot-pots made of ale, sugar, and eggs; a kind of water-gruel of oatmeal, butter, and honey, the Highlanders call porridge in Gaelic brochin; a kind of strong broth made of cows hams or knuckles; or carlings, boiled pease; a sort of gruel; het-pints, at rejoicings, &c. are drinks made of warm strong ale, whisky, eggs and sugar; a cluster of houses; mother in its worst sense; with a shrill screaming voice; hot, passionate; not tipsy, unintoxicated.*

Th' obtruding froth, a-top, that floats,
On Carlop Town, and Green :

As for the wise, that call for praise,
O whilk there is no dearth,
They're not our subjects, to reform
By ridicule, and mirth

THE ARGUMENT.

Serjeants beat up for recruits on the Green,—call on the youths to enlist, and defend their country against a French Invasion.—James, a dealer from Edinburgh, meets John, a neighbouring farmer, at the Fair,—he buys John's fat yeld Cow,—they retire into a tent to finish the bargain, and take a glass over it:—A fife and drum passing, introduces politics;—James, a Friend of the People, gives a lecture on Equality,—John defends the British Constitution, founded on a distinction in riches and rank, with equal rights,—James proposes a division of property,—the proposal is overheard by two begging Sailors,—they ask for a share of the cow and her price,—the answer gives rise to John's long Story, suggested by a real event, of the English Squire and his Man,—containing a comparison between Tweeddale Mutton and the Edinburgh Races, with a soliloquy on Pleasure, (particularly that of eating), the way we like it, and the different kinds of it:—While John is telling his story, the Sailors realize James's doctrines, and carry off and divide the cow and price;—James, without either the price or the cow, returns to Edinburgh, a convert to the good order, comforts and security, from subordination, and the distinctions in rank and property, with equal rights.

CANTO III.

Sometimes the drums, and streaman' pipes,
Are like to deave their ears,
When through the Fair, the Serjeant struts,
Enlisting volunteers;

Unless, when flourishing his cane,
 He stops his pipes, and drum,
 And calls on all the gallant youths,
 Lest here the French should come

In ane o' their romantic freaks,
 And on their sweet-hearts fa',
 And tak' their fathers' guid, and gear,
 And leave them nought ava'!

'Not even,' he bawls, 'brave lads, your breeks!
 'Your hizzies, even their 'coats!
 'For those, in France, that have the sway,
 'Are a' daft *Sans Culottes*.'

Here James, and John met at this Fair;
 James straight frae Edinburgh came;
 John had a fat yeld cow to sell,
 And wasna' far frae hame;

He'd bought her, lean, in last April,
 Frae Jenny's-bræ, (1) where bred,
 And, since, at Peggy's-lee, (2) on rowth
 O' clover, she had fed:

Quoth James, 'come, this way, to yon shed?
 'Let's see what's in your mill?
 'We'll try to make a bargain there,
 'And crack out o'er a gill;'

'Wi' a' my heart,' quo' John; and so
 Across the Green they went,
 And though it seemed already fu',
 Got baith seats in the tent:

(1) A farm about a mile south-east from Carlop village, and on the estate

(2) A farm about half a mile north from New Hall House, and on the estate.

So soon as James had bought the cow,
 Deep politicks began,
He of the people was a friend,
And to the rights of man;

A fife and drum that was gaan' by
 Pat Frenchmen in their heads,
 For, whiles, but fræ a silly cause,
 A great event proceeds;

' I'm for *Equality*,' cries he !
 ' I've read all *Thomas Paine*,
 ' And, lest a word I should forget,
 ' I'll read him o'er again ;

' What right have those they call the rich----
 ' Come, here's to you, Friend John —
 ' What right have they to more than we?
 ' I answer, surely none !' —

' What would you do then, tell me, James?' —
 ' O, by all means *divide* !
 ' I'd like, if 'twere but from mere spite,
 ' In Cræsus' coach to ride,

' Though, unpractised, I there should be:
 ' Sick, listless, and in pain,
 ' A jeer to all my neighbours round,
 ' And but distresses gain ;

' Though, unbred up in Cræsus' ways,
 ' By them I'd lose my health,
 ' I'd like, if but to humble him,
 ' To rob him of his wealth.' —

' But then,' quoth John, ' by riding so,
 ' Ane's head may turn about,
 And, fræ no kennan' how to use 't,
 ' The purse may soon run out ;

- But if, again, what we try for,
‘ Is to have equal *rights*,
- We ken that’s no French nonsense, James,
‘ For that, a Briton fights;
- You’re no’ awar’, an equal purse,
‘ My friend, can never be,
- At least, if all have equal rights
‘ To spend it, and be free ;
- ’Twere as great tyranny to make
‘ A lavish prodigal
- Hoard up his share, as from a scrub,
‘ By force, to take it all;
- Besides, at once, your levelling wou’d
‘ Destroy all soul and spirit,
- By blotting all distinctions out,
‘ The only spurs to merit,
- Which would itself be thus suppressed,
‘ Lest it should merit praise,
- Obtain from others its desert,
‘ And its possessor raise :
- But as for equal rights, even now,
‘ We have them perfect here,
- For, just like any other man,
‘ We hang a wicked Peer; (3)
- The Chapels o’ a’ sorts we see,
‘ And Meeting-houses, show,
- That each may follow here his creed,
‘ To his ain preacher go,

(3) Alluding to *Earl Ferrers*, for the murder of Johnson, his steward, by shooting him, in 1760; and to *Lord Sanquhar*, a Scots nobleman, in 1612, for causing the assassination of an English Fencer in London.

- ' Tæ Priest, tæ Parson, or Mass John,
' Or slee Seceder join,
- ' And wi' the auld-light anes, or new,
' 'Gainst patronage combine ; (4)
- ' Our commons chiefly make our laws ;
' We're by our equals tried ;
- ' Kings, Lords, and Commons, must receive,
' Oft our petitions guide ;
- ' Promotion's roads are public a',
' Tæ honours, wealth, and fame ;
- ' Tæ a', the law is open too,
' Tæ hear a pauper's claim ;
- ' E'en slaves our halsome air mak's free,
' Our learned lawooers say ;
- ' Then, what mair, in the de'ils thrawn name !
' James, tell me, wad ye ha'e ?
- ' Your equal purse would soon be gone,
' All would be as before,
- ' Some would pick up what you had lost ?
' And add it to their store ;
- ' 'Ore lang, this sure would be the case,
' And what would you do then ?'—
- ' Why, what else would I do,' says James,
' But just *divide again* !'—

Wi' crutch beneath his oxter ane,
And hat, tæ gather cash ;
Wi' trowsers ane, and timber leg,
And furred-cap on his pash ;

(4) *Preacher* : of the Catholic, Episcopal, or Established Church, in the numerous Chapels, Parish Churches, and Sectarian or Quaker and other Meetinghouses : *auld-light anes*, or *new*, *patronage*, two divisions of seceders, all of whom object to the right of patrons, to give pastors to churches and parishes.

Lang used tæ cruisan' on the seas
 On board of men o' war,
 Where baith had bartered honesty
 For courage maim and scar ;

Wi' clotted hair, and clouted clai's,
 In search o' something steering,
 To fill the pocket, or the paunch ;
 On their discourse o'erhearing,

Then cried twa Sailors, from without,
 Their claims repeating thrice,
 ' What share shall I get of your cow?' —
 ' Or I get of her price !—

' What right have you, no mōre than we,
 ' Who need both cash and food,
 ' To clothes, to comforts, and respects,
 ' Or any thing that's good ?'

' We've both been lamed in their defence,
 ' Obeyed Great Britain's calls,
 ' And where would all your riches be
 ' Without her '*Wooden Walls*' ?'

' In truth,' quoth John, ' I fear, good friends,
 ' You'll not share as a glutton,
 ' An English Squire, at yonder Inn,
 ' Shared of a black-faced mutton ;

' At least of my guid farrow cow,
 ' Weell fattened on my clover,
 ' That now to sell I am so laith,
 ' And to my friend's made over ;

' Save, like the Squire, to please your taste,
 ' You'll pay for what you eat,
 ' I doubt, our crummie there, so fat,
 ' Will ne'er to *you* be meat.'----

- ‘ Ay, ay, man ! whatna story’s that ?’
 Says James : ‘ Let’s hear’t ; though lang ?’---
 ‘ But, if an hour it tak’s tæ tell ’t ;’---
 ‘ I wanna’ say it’s wrang.’---
- ‘ Weell then,’ quoth John ; ‘ and so, ye see,---
 ‘ Come, here’s t’ye !---gi’es a snuff ?---
 ‘ There’s ane fræ me.----Ère I am duin,
 ‘ You’ll think it lang enough.
- ‘ West, by Carlisle, this used to be
 ‘ To Reekie-Auld the road
 ‘ Frequented most, in former times,
 ‘ And by the English trode.
- ‘ The Squire, and ’s Man, baith on their way,
 ‘ Had journeyed to this place,
 ‘ Some seventy years ago, or mair,
 ‘ To see an Edinburgh Race :
- ‘ On Sunday they had got thus far,
 ‘ The Squire pull’d up his bridle,
 ‘ And, though ’twas late, for dinner called,
 ‘ Not wishing to be idle ;
- ‘ The Landlord, just the day before,
 ‘ Had killed a prime fat wedder ;
 ‘ So to a leg, John Bull and he,
 ‘ ’Ore lang sat down together :
- “ Why faith !” says Bull, “ host, this looks well !”
 ‘ Then cutting up the loin,
 ‘ Beneath, at least, an inch of fat,
 ‘ The juice sprang up like wine ;
- ‘ Like port, it filled the ashet full,
 ‘ The cut expanding wide ;

" If all your mutton's so," laughs he,
 " I'll not begrudge my ride."

' The Landlord swore, 'twas four years old,
 ' The true short-breed of Tweeddale !
 ' And with the rest, if he would stay,
 ' None but the Squire should meddle ;

' No, not the King, were he to starve,
 ' Should taste a single bit,
 ' Until his Honour should have done,
 ' Who'd got the first of it.'

" If so," cries Bull, " at least I'll stay,
 " Good host, at least this night ;
 " By Jove ! I cannot think to stir,
 " Without another bite : "

" My man shall go to town himself,
 " While I keep here alone,
 " And bring me out the news, betimes,
 " Of how the race went on."

" What signifies it," adds the host,
 " When, for a week, each day,
 " A race is run, although you should,
 " Sir, be from *one* away ;

" Each race, believe me's much the same,
 " With that which went before ;
 " To see five races then yourself,
 " Is just as good's a score."

' Next day, the quarter was discussed,
 ' While Tom told all the news ;
 ' As, how this rider broke his neck,
 ' And, how that got a bruise ;

' How Sam, in buff, was distanced soon,
 ' While knowing Jack, in red,
 ' Against blue Will, the Purse, at last,
 ' Wan, but by half a head.

' For Jack's bay gelding had a poll,
 ' Almost as long as two,
 ' And had, as taught, thrust out his nose,
 ' Which made poor Will look blue.

" Egad !" says Bull, " you make so plain,
 " Tom, all that happened there,
 " I know as well how all has passed,
 " As if I'd had my share;

" You shall, to-morrow, go again ;
 " Take notice who's the winner !
 " You may, with perfect ease, be back,
 " A little after dinner ;

" There are *four* races after next,
 " Still, ere the *whole* are run :
 " I surely will have seen enough,
 " Before these four are done."

' Another quarter was produced ;
 ' It bred a fresh excuse ;
 ' Till Tom was sent five times, at last,
 ' To town to bring the news :

' One quarter of the wedder, now ;
 ' And but one race remained ;
 ' When thus, the Squire convinced himself,
 ' And from the race refrained.

" Though I have rode two hundred miles ;
 " For *pleasure*, was it not ?

- " And what can give me more content,
 " Than what I here have got ?
- " We all, in pleasure, 'tis allowed,
 " Have an undoubted right,
 " To choose, each man, what suits himself,
 " And gives him most delight ;
- " But was a man, whose finest nerves,
 " Were placed within his palate,
 " To choose a show, before a feast,
 " I'd surely folly call it :
- " Now, for my part, I do declare,
 " That, such are my dull eyes,
 " A sight, even, of such charming meat,
 " Before a race, I prize :
- " I surely, therefore, ne'er can rue,
 " Though I should miss this race ;
 " When I shall put into my guts
 " Such mutton in its place.
- " By eating well, at least, we may
 " In bulk, and vigour thrive ;
 " But who, e'er, by the grandest sight
 " Was ever kept alive ?
- " O'er all the senses, now, so high
 " Is that of *eating* placed,
 " That every connoisseur in them
 " Is called a man of *taste* :
- " Hence, 'tis that both the eyes, and nose,
 " Are but as sentinels,
 " Placed o'er the mouth, and but it guards,
 " To see that all is well :

“ Accordingly, that ’tis their chief,
 “ On which the rest depend,
 “ They know full sure, for were ’t to close,
 “ All would be at an end :

“ Our first great object, then, should be,
 “ To give’t the choicest fare ;
 “ The others, only after it,
 “ Should be our second care :

“ If they should interfere with ’t, then,
 “ Of course, ’t should not be hard,
 “ At once to fix which of the two,
 “ I think should be preferred :

“ The solid pleasures from the mouth,
 “ We, therefore, ought to prize,
 “ Nay, even my very hounds do so,
 “ Before those from the eyes.

“ Snug room, soft elbow chair, brisk ale,
 “ Good punch, a chatting host,
 “ Clean bed at night, and cheery fire,
 “ I’ve here, my cheese to toast,

“ As, when, within my manor-house,
 “ Of Glutton-bullock old,
 “ Welsh-rabbit, (5) I for supper take
 “ Till I no more can hold,

“ Till, soothed, my sated senses sink,
 “ Each to its cell, and, gone,
 “ I’m left in the delightful ease
 “ Of breathing beef and bone.

(5) *Welsh rabbit* ; cheese toasted on bread, and seasoned with mustard,

- " Besides, in pleasures more refined,
 " As I've heard at some lecture,
 " Good *lodging* takes the lead, even there,
 " The child of *architecture* ;
- " Hence, schemers high, we builders call
 " Of castles in the air ;
 " And, all contrivers, architects,
 " Of projects, foul, or fair :
- " A sorry architect, I fear,
 " For such a scheme, I'd be,
 " To leave, with meat, good lodging, then,
 " An open race to see ;
- " Even were I certain of some sport,
 " To raise a little mirth,
 " When 'tis exposed to colds, and rains,
 " And breezes, from the Firth !
- " The race, may, after all, turn out
 " Not to be very good,
 " Then, for a shadeless, empty show,
 " I'd lodgings leave, and food ;
- " And, this delicious meat, still more,
 " This mutton, to enhance,
 " I'd change, with it, a certainty,
 " For what is but a chance :
- " Now, as *one* bird in hand's, at least,
 " Worth *two*, before they're caught ;
 " 'Twould take two chances of good sport,
 " Before this leg was matched :
- " Besides, we've races such as these,
 " From what Tom's daily told,

" And just as tempting, nearer home,
 " With any man, I'll hold !

" For the last time, you shall set out,
 " Then, Tom, for Leith, to-morrow ;
 " Next day, the wedder will be done ;
 " I say't, with grief and sorrow ;

" For our coarse mutton, for a year,
 " I'll not let near my mouth ;
 " By Monday, I'll have eat this up ;
 " And then, I'll turn me south :

" On Sunday last, 'twas we came here,
 " One stage but from the race,
 " Where I've been stopt, while I can eat,
 " I'll ne'er forget the place :

" *The Carline's head—The Carline's loup—*
 " These charming boils, and roasts—
 " *The Mutton o' the Carlop Hill—*
 " Shall ever be my toasts !"—

Before that John had well begun
 This story long, to tell,
 The Sailors saw, nor he'd divide,
 Nor even James himself ;

For, always, James, when levelling,
 Looked up toward the rich ;
 But never thought of looking down,
 To beggars with the itch ;

To lower others, not himself,
 'Twas plain he struggled strong,
 And that superiors, ever made,
 The burden of his song :

They both had time enough to plan,
 As well as execute;
 For many a glass, and snuff, John took,
 Before that he got through't:

So, like their fish-wife friends in France,
 Since none would be so civil,
 As give them all they sought, themselves,
 They'd take it, through the devil:

Whilst loyal John, his story told,
 One eased him of the *price*;
 And t'other got even James's *cow*
 Off with him in a trice.

Now, when the dealers rase, and looked,
 Their gills, and stories done,
 They found, with grief, when 'twas too late,
 Both price, and cow, were gone!—

Quoth John to James, 'what think you now?
 'Is't this you call *equality*?'—
 Quoth James to John; 'it surely is;
 'Though 't wont do in *reality*.'—

'Ore James got back to Edinburgh town,
 Without or cash or cow,
 He'd got his fill of *Sans-culottes*,
 And *levelling* I trow:

The *Requisitions* that were made,
 At ance opened baith his een;
 And sent him hame a wiser man,
 That day, frae CARLOP GREEN.

E R R A T A, &c.

The following pages, though entitled '*Errata, &c.*' are chiefly filled with *Omissions*, which may be inserted with advantage, to increase their interest and perspicuity, though the Poems can be understood without them.

PANEGYRICK, page vi. line 14, for *Thas*, read *That*
 Page vii. line 35, read *insensible* : While &c
 ————— 38, read above, with his eyes fixed upon him, &c

LINTOUN GREEN, page 3, line 3, read *asello*.
 Page 3, line 4, read *ingrederis* ; clamor juvenilis, et una

5, 7, 4, 8, 11, 18, 20, 28. 5, 26. 33. 9, 4. 27.	Foemineæ Ov Met. iv. 1, 25. troops ;— troops bad after rams be revived.—On the failure of Argyll, the troops leave their camp at Peebles, and return to their homes.—The Captain is eager to exhibit his Hirsels, and cut a figure at the Lintoun Market; then holding ;— desires his Serjeant to warn the Company to attend at Leadlaw on this Third-Market-day.—The Company des- cribed.—The roll called,—they march from Leadlaw through the Town toward the Green ;— their parents &c. town toward the children for 'Of the Lyne', through Caldstone-slack, allure Play. (10)
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Page 10. line 17 *read* A Tory drove of warlike &c.

22. those lazy
 12. 11. shouter &c.
 33. * Of the Tweed, *Note with the ROLL*
 and WEAPON-SHOWING on the
King's-Muir in 1627, reprinted at the
 end of this poem, for the &c.
 13. 6. gear were:
 14. after Goods to convey.—

Argyll's rebellion now had failed,
 And of itself expired.
 Though to Argyll's ~~share~~ he had smiled
 Still, in the west bemired,
 Even Glasgow's self he ne'er had hailed,
 But sank below it wroth,
 When our Lintonians, unsmiled,
 Had from the camp retired
 Without a fray.

- That a' his braws, as bright's a &c.
 13. 24. Third Market-day
 25. Th' occasion
 24. 23. Thence sped
 20. ' Yâs, yâs! ô, yâs!' and through the
whole page Yâs, yâs!
 22. replied:
 15. 1. doited (13)
 4. ken'd;
 16. 10. O' weance,
 32. that day.—
 27. 20. lambs,
 38. *Lady of the Lake.*
 18. 3. in play—
 6. weell and every where with two is.
 30. after Without dismay;

- * With Rumbald of the Rye-House Plot,
 " Just hanged and quartered near,
 * From mangled member, at each spot
 * Where stuck it still appear,
 * Should other Rumballs they've begot,
 * And, rising in their rear,
 An host from every martyred Scot,
 * Increase his foes, till fear
 Make him give way,

Page 18. line 38. read: And sy, perhaps, to fickle France,

, Should hopeles be his case,
Or thence, beyond, to Rome advance,
Still more to find solace
Seneath the Pope's own countenance
When skeltered from disgrace,
Should future Risings bring mischance,
The Crown itself transplace,
Our Troops away,

Though Mottmouth, when &c.

19. 8.
20. 9.
21. 9.

Read: *Nonulanti*
after As from the town they flow;
The Fears flee the glowr at sights,
See soldiers in a row
Wi' arms and armour shinan' bright,
And marchan' to and fro
The music gay,

Or standan', stoopan' kneelan', risan',
And wheelan', as ilk dows,
And halkan', oft then temporisan'
Tæ tak' their snuffs and chows,
Some to be tenty some advisan',
Whul' ithers claw their paws
Fra their Commander no' comprisan'
And wearyan' sare tæ lowse
And wun away.

Out fra his house ayont the Lync,
Ay yap tæ hear and see,
And tæ enquire, pry, and opine,
And his opinion gi'e,
Too Peter Pork advancan' fine,
Their Dominic fat and wee,
Is now descried, like porcupine,
If walk erect could he
And prickles lay;

This learned jeeg our Lintoun &c.
after The A. B. C.,

22. 7.

With *primitive* pure obedience,
And *non-resistance* true,
As e'er those subjects made pretence
Of terrors brought them to,
When, of their faith the excellence
And loyalty to shew,

Page 22. line 7. read They owned a Pope's pre-eminence,
And what a King held due,
In James's day;

23. 8. There giving him, &c.
tap-pin wee,
14. after Was black's a slae.

A rival though taws-wieldan' wight,
And Nicol Nicow named,
Won'd, too, toward the south, in sight,
In saul and body framed
Unlike his northern neighbour quite,
Yet not by him beabamed
In the desire for lear' and light,
By habble-shows inflamed,
Whan in his way;

Whunaby, what he heard or saw,
Conveyed by sound or look
Up to his brain, by luckless law,
Oft wrong direction took
Into the mazy mental maw,
And on its road forsook
It, in its course, its pleasures a',
Or, souran' in some nook
Fermentan' lay,

Or, when impressions frae without
On th' organs, by their nerves,
Had ended in his brain their route
Which for their quarters serves,
To be there billeted about
To think in its reserves,
Bad board oft bred dislike and doubt,
Whence deeds oft error swerves
Into a fray:

23. 23. Attracted to this public &c.
24. 26. the day ?—
precentor, who reads and sings, for the
congregation to follow line by line, the
portions of the psalms given out by the
minister in the parish church; also the
session-clerk; &c.
26. 2. Has tap-pin
4. For tap-pinless

Page 27. line 7. read When Grumphy,

- | | | |
|-----|-----|---|
| | 23. | Or prig! or pig! if that's your pass! |
| 28. | 18. | hā-ā! |
| 29. | 23. | bā-ās! |
| 31. | 12. | ' Let 's |
| | 13. | roll ?' |
| | 26. | ' chucky ! |
| | 27. | pow !' assail |
| | 29. | squeels frae |
| 34. | 4. | after <i>his</i> fury, <i>spits out his venom, and</i>
<i>calls for</i> &c. |
| | 5. | after <i>Balaam's</i> friend <i>clears his nostrils,</i>
<i>and prepares</i> &c. |
| | 14. | <i>Newlands'</i> |
| 35. | 14. | Again that |
| | 26. | ' for none |
| | 32. | after |

I am this day !'

Then Grumphy stroked his beard, and
spat !

Froth foaming out like beer
Frae bottle's mouth, that, turned frae flat,
The fire by standing near
Has swalled wi' rage frae brewing vat !
Though, if tae hide his fear,
Or in defiance, spite, or that
Through scorn it should appear,
None, sure, could say,

Opinions crossing like an X,
And leaving doubtful all,
Whilst, oozing forth, its course directs
The yet remaining spawl,
Worked frae within, by heats that vex
And stimulating gall,
O'er the proud peak, the chin that decks,
On 's kyte, thence, dreeping small,
As big's a B's,

Protruding prominent below,
By fire fed round it hot,
As if tae kep the dribs that flow,
When boiling like a pot,
Frae its ain brim, and anger show,
On self-conceit begot,
That, forward thrust, may learn his foe
What *now* might be his lot
From fresh affray.

Page 35, line 32. read But, th' Ass afraid lest the wrong &c.
 36. 5. after And thus to bray;

When first, like nippers' gripe applied,
 For napkin he had none,
 Nor needed when sae weell supplied
 Wi' fingers of his own,
 He'd, stooping, seized, on either side,
 Where ends the stubborn bone,
 His snout, whence snots the snashings
 glide,
 Their work and virtues done,
 The brain back frae,

And chirtan' them toward the door,
 Whul' damming up his wind,
 He'd sudden opened as before
 The air pent up behind,
 And with a blast-discharging-roar
 The snivel, as designed,
 He'd driven, with the dead snuff it bore,
 Out from his vents confined,
 And thrown't away

With a contemptuous toss direct
 Toward prig-Peter's face,
 As if defying disrespect
 This road had made it trace,
 Who, grinning horribly erect
 With gruesome, grim grimace,
 Kept up his fires the foam eject
 Till th' Ass should state his case,
 And griefs display.

36. 20. The Kirk, wi' front the south &c.
 28. poor, the blind, and
 37. 9. seat which
 after At's window gay;

High as his seat 's above the crowd
 And with importance teems,
 And garb of whilk that he is proud
 Frae every feature beams,
 His voice still loftier and more loud
 Wih straining music streams
 Abuin the drones laigh dowie dow'd,
 And like sweet goldie's seems
 On tapmost spray,

Page 37. line 9. *read* That to his wife within their nest,
 And gorrans featherless
 Beneath their mother's downy breast
 And wings for warmth that press,
 Not foraging, nor a' at rest,
 Nor he himself at mass,
 Elated sings, and does his best
 His feelings tae express

Melodiously :

His coat has buttons down its &c.

37. 14. His o'erlay, pure frae speck &c.
 36. *after* Or holiday ;

Or for Conventicles forbid
 By *Sharp*, and *Lauderdale*,
 When, or by glens or houses hid,
 Fines, fetters, and a jail,
 And even the pains of death, amid
 Their Covenanters' zeal,
 Of followed Preachers to get rid
 Did Proclamations fail,
 Though fed on whey ;

38. 10. Or for a Bonspel on the &c.
 Pennecuik and every where without the
 last c.
 39. 3. loan, (4.)
 40. 2. Hog-yards, (5.)
 27. Laird away ;
 41. 14. Wi' 'r round delay :
 24. caution b. ught,
 43. 1. *Newlands'*
 44. 12. howker holds so
 50. 23. ginge'-bread
 26. Lists
 52. 3. būs and mūs !
 53. 18. a bray !
 55. 19. stomach ;—*Land'ard*
 58. 17. *after* Get *Schæp*, I say !

' Or Strut, the gorgon o' Gouk-hill,
 ' Gif he 's about this place,
 ' Wi' puke, purge, potion, powder, pill,
 ' Pipe-cloister, and grimace,

Page 58. line 17. *read* 'Ned's melody tae cure, or kill,
 'Tae end or mend my case;
 'But Schaep has surely far mare skill,
 'For he 's a far-aff face—
Get Schaep, I say?

'Get our Dutch Schaep, 'ore Ned be
 dead?
 'Or else ye'll a' be hanged!
 'For, if ye dinna' rin wi' speed,
 'And, sae, gar me be wranged,
 'My doom will land on ilk sheep's head—
 'Gif ye, like Ned, were panged
 'Wi' batts, and boaks, you'd find the
 need—
 'Swith!—Nor the sweer were bang-
 ed!

Bring SCHAEP, I say?

Thrice Ned had gi'en this dread &c.
 59. 7. *after* Den gut; ven vlay'!

'De Nati'nal Covenant, vid zou,
 'And Zolemn League I joined,
 'Conventicles congealed I've too
 'In house or vield combined;
 'Vile Strut, de Counzil's Tory true,
 'And Sharp's informer kind,
 'Lickt of diable's Duke de zhoe,
 'Got Orange Vigs hanged, vined,
 'Vor bloot-money.

23. 'Dat Strut be impudence; be &c.
 32. vlayed, gooted, he'd
 60. 32. t'y to
 5. my ver' gut!
 10. "Vor zo prescribe," 'zaid he', "Van
 12. "Dat 'av' de *and continue the double*
quot:tion mark to bring:" *beginning*
the single mark again at 'Vool!'
 32. tail' *Brown's &c.*
 61. 1. 'Ore Ned resolved,
 62. 21. 'Mait swelt wi'
 63. 36. Hæe—hæe!
after Can they! Hæe—hæe!

Page 63. line 36. read ' Howd-Effy's ken'd by a' fu' weell

- ' Her baptisn t' have renunced,
- ' Tae be in compact wi' the d'e'il,
- ' And by Mass John denunced
- ' For a rank witch! that nor can kneel,
- ' Nor e'er a prayer pronunced!
- ' The hellish kick, wi' horny keel,
- ' And the effects annunced

Wha it cam' frae!

- ' Though she næ wrat had o'er her ee,
- ' Nor on her back a birn,
- ' Tæ show her herd, ald Satan slee,
- ' She 's hirselled, frae his girn;
- ' And though near Mausie's cottage wee,
- ' Wi' her and Clootie, dirn,
- ' She ne'er at nights shou'd Carlops see,
- ' Met tae gife some a *pirn*

Tae wind, 'ore day:

- ' Like mony a ane in Lintoun town
- ' Wi' fcent a snood or &c.

- | | | |
|-----|-----|---|
| 64. | 9. | Hæe—hæe! |
| 65. | 39. | See in Dr Pennecuik's Works, <i>The Description of Tweeddale</i> , 'Of its Inhabitants,' <i>Notes</i> . |
| 66. | 6. | Then <i>ripped</i> , gapan', wi' a skreed, |
| 68. | 14. | ' He'll win |
| 69. | 4. | or boat;— |
| 71. | 9. | <i>after</i> And thus to say; |

- ' Can th' morning-dreams I thrice last night
- ' Saw, thus, tae suin pruiue true!
- ' That I gaed out by the moon-light,
- ' Our cottar'd lint tae view,
- ' And a *Soo-thistle*, risan' bright,
- ' Three staps advansed tae pu'
- ' Frae 'mang 't, whan, to my wondering sight,
- ' Before this I could do

It dee'd away!

- ' That Peter Pork had, visioned, come
- ' Drest in his suitor's suit,

Page 71. line 9. read ' Tae win, wi' me, the tochered sum

- ' Into his purse tae put
- ' My father's daughter 'twould become,
- ' And Wedding set on foot ;
- ' But, 'ore he'd wrote the *epulum*,
- ' It stack ! *the Soo ran through't* !
- And sick he lay !

- ' Up lilted then, wi' gratan' sound,
- " *The Soo's tail tae Geordy* ! "
- ' Ilk spitefu', scoffan', scraper round,
- ' And ballad-singer sturdy !
- ' Frae mouth tae mouth " *Soo's tails* "
- rebound,
- ' Frae Alshinder tae Purdie !
- ' Whul' this my Love I thought bed-bound,
- ' Lay comforted by Swordie,
- And h'ard them play !

- ' That when the rue had cured my spleen,
- ' And with it his disease,
- ' And we some years had married been,
- ' Whar' I was makan' cheese,
- ' A hogshead fu' o' whig was seen,
- ' Wi' hogbeans in't and pease,
- ' At whilk tae get he was sae keen
- ' He sank ! but clamb wi' ease
- ' *The Milky-way* : '

- ' Whan in cam' a prelatie spy,
- ' Wi' 's curate and dragoon,
- ' 'Ore he gat out, that, yap and dry,
- ' The puncheon's lid pushed down,
- ' And set me, callous to the cry
- ' Within, on 't him aboon
- ' In the *bog's-head*, *bog-beans*, and *whey* !
- ' Sync steghed, and swilled, and soon
- Took a' away !

73. 5. ' My Pork ! Ah ! Guid ha'e care o' &c.
after This Market-Day ?

- ' When by *himself* detected thus,
- ' Bumbazed wi' guilt and fear,
- ' Suin vanish, vanquished then by us,
- ' In smoke he'll disappear

Page 73. line 5. *read* ' Down to the flanes of Tartarus ;
 ' There endless tortures bear ;
 ' Het iron *Buits* his bones shall crush,
 ' Steel *Thumbikins* shall tear
 Their joints in twae;

' Wi' *Claverhouse*, and daft *Dalsiel*,
 ' To drive the wedge, and skrew,
 ' With fury strike th' infernal miell,
 ' And turn the handle too,
 ' Regardless of the ceaseless yell !
 ' The blow an l squeeze that drew,
 ' Will cause resound the rocks of hell,
 ' They'll ever these renew
 For 's deeds this day,

' When by the judgment of Midas,
 ' Confined within his jugs,
 ' Enraged to see, as in a glass,
 ' His own discerning lugs,
 ' Stript of the honours of an ass,
 ' His ears shall, short's a bug's,
 ' Have cropt a shable or cutlass,
 ' For giving mine such rugs
 This Market-Day.

74- 16, ' I heard you goosy ! goosy ! &c.
 after Myself I ll gae ;

' Even "*Satan's World Invisible*"
 ' Should I again go through,
 ' And shudderan' search, if possible,
 ' A *witch* I'll find for you,
 ' Shall nip, where he's maist sensible,
 ' Him a' o'er black and blue,
 ' For ruggan' yours responsible,
 ' Shall rive, and gar him rue,
 His lugs in twae !'—

' Your pity, and your zeal, my Love,
 ' Me pierces to the quick,
 ' And Orpheus like me soon would move,
 ' Were you in darkness thick,
 ' To bring you to the light above,
 ' Could I use fiddle-stick
 ' Like him; though you forget, my Dove,
 ' " No *witch* durst pinch auld *Nie*,"
 But would his fae !'—

Page 74 line 16. read: ' Oh-hon ! Wi' a' thae helps my Dear,
 ' We'll surely get redress,
 ' Tho' mains, nor deadly wounds appear
 ' About you, as I guess,
 ' If but for the affront, and fear,
 ' The danger, and distress.
 ' In sic a plight made you rin here,
 ' And linket like an S,
 Lie roond 's a C !'

Thus Grumphy's wife to him &c.

75. 2. *after and flight, he turns round from the crowd for respite, and the undisturbed enjoyment of self-gratification, and reflection,—exultingly, lets out, and gets quit of, his ill-humour,—how he at once relieves his own uneasiness, and the solicitude of his friends;—he again presents himself.—Miller Samuel the ewe-less black-faced tup gets &c.*

17. *after mad Squintum's,—it ends with a yawn! which infects, and is returned by, the audience,—its reception a friendly omen,—he resolves to remain, and as he is in defiance of his disabille,—his hearers approve of his spirit.*

26. *after* That summer's day :

As cattle from their byres let out,
 And steeds frae stables freed,
 And hounds frae kennels, jovial rout !
 Or that in sport succeed,
 And pointers laced frae couples stout,
 Or gained their master's meed
 When puss is shot before their snout,
 Their joy, and pride, in deed
 Show forcibly

By their libations liberal poured,
 Or, grateful, on the ground,
 With fortune-favoured-face, or showered
 Against aught near them found,
 And other beasts, by luck empowered,
 Themselves thus greet, around,
 When eased, elate, and still unscoured,
 To vent emotions bound
 Complacently,

Page 76. line 26. read So, to enjoy his self-delight,
 And heighten it retired,
 To the Kirk-wall, behind him bright,
 His face, with sweat bemired,
 Turned round, and stood, th' elated
 wight,
 As ease, and quiet, required,
 And softly whistled, sweet that might
 Quenched heat, as it expired,
 Drain smooth away :

Abated thus his feelings fell,
 And into gladness past,
 That, both by warning sound and smell,
 He was concluding fast,
 And all his thoughts were running well,
 A pain-relieving blast
 His rear blew next forth loud to tell;
 Then turned his face, at last,
 In full display :

Not now dejected, as of yore,
 But quite another thing !
 Whilst at the unexpected roar,
 The tidings charged to bring,
 And suffocating stench it bore,
 Ilk dee her apron-string,
 And herd his breck-band tight had tore',
 As hands held-noses wring.
 Long laughter frae !

Ere this, poor miller Samuel &c.

79.

36.

after proud of it; and to have had a corn
 Mill on his Lintoun Lairdship, which,
 as well as his small flock of sheep, in-
 dispensable even on a few of the barren
 acres of those days, he managed, when
 in the country, himself. If any of the
 small Gentry or cock-Lairds, then,
 could boast of a Mill on his estate, he
 was often his own miller, and from his
 nick-names, and speech, Samuel in par-
 ticular, besides the pleasure he took
 in his sheep, seems to have delighted
 and exulted in his Mill, to decorate the
 dam of which, as well as to bathe and
 refresh them during the long Autumn.

Page 79. line 36. *read* vacation, and be under his own and his clerk Donald's eyc, he may perhaps have brought the Cygnets when not in Edinburgh, and residing at his seat near Lintoun.

30. 16. 'I'll lay!
34. after Or turn away!

' He, breck-less, bare-legged, in a boin,
' A wab o' claith can wauk,
' And tightly tramp beside the Lync,
' Wi' walth o' heeland talk,
' Nay, if 'tis wove o' linen fine,
' Can bleach it white as c'alk,
' Tæ sheets and shirts even sew it syne,
' For Donald is næ gawk,
In his ain way;

' He milks my cows, and mucks my byre,
' And herds, and shears na' ill,
' My peat-stack biggs, and mends my
fire
' Whan I am wat, or chill,
' And whan, at nights, I'm like tæ tire,
' I drink tæ's fiddlings shrill;
' But what I maist o' a' admire,
' He serves baith kiln and mill,
Whan I'm away!

31. 9. after Wi' sour-milk-whey;
and &c.

' War, than our wanderan' Whigs afield,
' That crap frae place tæ place,
' Their late Conventicles tæ beild
' Frae persecution's face,
' Got, whan, tæ Tories forced tæ yield,
' And Prelacy's grimace,
' Cald sour-milks-cheese their tripes con-
gealed,
' Wi' traik, by way of grace,
For loosening whey;

Page 81, line 9, read ' War than the skimmed-milk-ki-rned
sae puir,

' That got, wi' " mustie cheese,"
' Our " Royal Troops" on the *King's-*
Muir

' Their loyalty tae please,
' And, tae mak' room for courage, scour
' Them clean frae a' disease,
' Wi' water mixt, thin, dow'd. and sour,
' Their cravings tae appease

Last month of May :

' As they had little business,
' Though weell they temporized,
' Tae keep themselves frae a' distress,
' And ay the buinmost prized,
' They Donald gar'd their victuals dress,
' Knives clean, and, methodized,
' The plates and spoons place in their
press,
' And swoop dirt pulverized
Ilk morning gray ;

' Whan pinched, they sent him whiles
about
' Conventicles tae find,
' Conventiclers tae ferret out
' Through ilk stay closs and wynd ;
' He kept in view their howf, or route,
' Till such were seized or fined,
' Or tortured with the wedge and boot ;
' On dainties then they dined,
On Donald's pay ;

' Thus gained, and by informing well,
' The " Circuit Courts" t' employ,
' With curates, clerks, *Grabam*, and *Dal-*
ziel,
' " Field meetings" to annoy,
' Frae forfeitures, to " Risings" quell
' And sources to destroy,
' Large " *Porteous Roll*," their stomachs
swell
' And porter they enjoy,
For whigs and whey] :

' Frae them tae ald MacLimp he &c.

Page 31. line 27. read after

Whan Dady's gay.

' Had I my doughty Donald near
 ' He'd keep you a' in glee,
 ' He'd Whig or Tory join, frae fear,
 ' Gain, or civility,
 ' Though a bit henpeckt body queer,
 ' Could I but Donald see,
 ' For bogle-be, at whilk tae fleeer,
 ' Suin hale and clean I'd be
 Frae tap to tae ;

' But since dhu Donald's no' in sight,
 ' And kitchen Kate's sac thrawn,
 ' Nor he is here tae sort me right,
 ' Nor she will lend her han',
 ' And I am doomed to be, till night,
 ' Thus rump-shorn as I stan',
 ' Wi' my dumbarton yet undight',
 Ends Samuel, wi' a *yawn* !
 ' Weell,—be it sae !

As nane will catch another's gawnt
 Who bears tae him a grudge,
 Or chafes then be sac complaisant
 Their stations frae to budge,
 Suin that o' friends he had nae want
 He gat proofs frae to judge,
 By yawnings dreegh significant,
 And mouths dilating huge,
 Round every way,

Frae carles and carlines, side by side,
 His story near him drew,
 And bound its issue to abide,
 'A' ready so to do,
 By followan' his hiatus wide
 With imitations true,
 To hail its close, their welcome guide,
 And their assent thereto
 Thus to convey :

Of oscitancie honours full
 Frae ilk exhausted quiz
 Whose jaws, wi back reclining scull,
 By gaping suppld is,

Page 81, line 27. *read* Which roused frae dotted dozing daff
 That lang deep yawn of his,
 Wi' scorn the Tup turned frae his trull;
 A' cheered his ending, viz,
 ' Weell,—be it sae !'

34. 16. *after* He 'll huff away !

' When those behind should march more
 fast,
 ' And those in front more slow,
 ' Or in quick time and strain bumbast,
 ' Or with protracted flow,
 ' Like thunder from charged cloud out-
 cast,
 ' Stern signal ! with a throe
 ' Restorative, shall Nicol's blast,
 ' Astern, to order, blow !—
 ' Then Samuel say ?'—

First pu'an' aff his stoory hat,
 Then dustan' weell his hair
 That smelt wi' snuff like mustard pat
 Unlided to the air,
 Wi' gruesome grunche, as ruefu' rat
 Made tail-less by a snare,
 And sweered, yet willing when so pat
 Revenge before him fair
 Thus tempting lay,

Whan he had fidget and fyked awce,
 And gi'en himsel' a claw,
 And glunshed 'Hoot! hoot!' and stood
 a jee
 Tae ballance what the law
 Laid down 'to be or not to be,'
 And on't his cud tae chaw,
 The rule on this, his doubts to free,
 At length relieved, and a'
 Round, thus, made gay,

26. 16.
 32. 2.

Provok'd,' says Samuel, ' I &c.
 Before the twae :
*after Triumph,—he mounts, cocky-ridy-
 roosy, on Samuel's shoulders,—gives
 the signal to move on.—The Procession &c.*

Page 89, line 3. read, after

'Midst rowts, and hā-ā!

The miller, stooping, wi' his hands
 Supported by his knees,
 His bended back presenting, stands
 Wi' his untheeked thees,
 And crouchan' laigh till *Nicon* lands,
 Wi' climb, push, haul, and heeze,
 Abuin't, helpt by the Loyal Bands,
 Then rase, peghed, hitched, and seized
 His ancles twa;

Like Stork that eels or snakes has guz-
 zled
 And gulpt o'er whole alive,
 That, by their slipperiness, sare puzzled,
 Whan through tae get they strive
 The conduits foul they've bored and nuz-
 zled,
 Expectan' tae revive,
 His tail claps tae a wa', that, muzzled,
 It, squeezed, may back them drive,
 Or stop their way,

The Ass, on Samuel's neck behind,
 In view of present need,
 By pressure close, as 'twas designed,
 Of its escape in dread,
 Contrived that not a puff o' wind,
 Should frae its hold be freed,
 So that, collected to his mind,
 The miller to proceed
 Stood patiently,

When backward wriggings, crushings,
 bears,
 With side-long huggings hard,
 His scones enclosed, that scarce appears,
 Attracting his regard,
 Till, suddenly, behind his ears,
 That made them ring, a raird,
 Exploding downward, blow he hears
 The Signal, all prepared,
 To move away!

'Cross shirkies Samuel's shoulders &c.
 scarce that

Page 91. line 17. *read* disunion. BURNET. *and begin a new paragraph with* Tumultuous

92. 9. In brue
10. Pow-sowdy,
11. trotters, puddings hot,
21. CROOKSWANK in
24. it is likewise
25. within a thin
36. indeed excellent, cleanly,
95. 20. Solemn League;
27. *after* Of Charles's day,

When proud Supremancy, the Cess,
A Primate's insolence,
Free-quartering Troops, with leave t'op-
press,
Sedition the pretence,
Compounding, Fines, the Buits, the Bass,
Shrews, to force evidence
By Thumbikens, still used, alas!
To blacken innocence
All bore the sway!

33. The Cross, on which his &c.
See also the *Notes* in Dr Pennecuik's
Works, on the &c.
96. 20. toward the

CARLOP GREEN.

Page 110. line 2. *read* frz runs

116. 20. *after* Can open either eye;

Frz 'neath his bonnet, girdle-braid,
Wi' draughty dawts and deep
Coaxed out hid thoughts, can faces read,
And into secrets peep.

And there's seen selfish short &c.

117. 30. south side
118. 7. Sa't herren,
119. 6. *after* Like Hamlet's father's ghost,

Or spectre thin, of vapours vague,
That heady vapours raise,
Or misty apparition tall
Mysterious to amaze,

Page 119. line 6. *read*, In hazes shrouded on the hill,
Or moon-light moor, or glen,
Or mazy spirit-stirring wood,
Or phantom-forming den,

When fear with superstition's eye,
Unconscious, to the brain
Its own creations wild returns
As if embodied plain ;

And branket baughlan' Butter Bags,
Wi' oily face and bright,
Whase grease and size, like candle-dipt,
Spreads downward frae the light,

Whase taperan' tallow tynes its bulk,
And mare contracted grows,
Up frae his larded greasy kuits
To 's fiery shinan' nose :

120. 4. The kirplan', short, smith-body, &c.
after A hole in, at a well :

And the short Chelsea pensioner
Juist like a bunch o' rags,
How he defended, in his duds,
The Castle o' Gloats that brags,

And kept his tinkler wife and weans,
And cuddy there, in spite
O' a' the Edinburgh City Guards,
And its great owner's might,

Though fiercely summoned to dislodge,
Oft both with bribe and shore,
The vault they'd seized t' evacuate,
Or to unbolt its door ;

That till they banned a young Mons-Meg
Should bring them to subjection,
Not one durst enter to *The House*
To take them of *Correction* :

124. 21. *remove* (15) to the end of l. 12, p. 125, *after*
wheety-whata; (16) and the Note to the
bottom of p. 125.

Page 124. line 23. read gaugers and in the Note also gaugers,
 125. 20. after The words 'at ony rate;'

And Crazy, Sugar's heepy fherd,
 That collics, bairns, and sheep,
 Wi' tar and butter smears, aff cald,
 Lice, reef, and scabs, tæ keep,

The feck o' every year on traik,
 Wi' 's traiket wife, that feeds,
 And bubbly-nosed, foul-bluided brats,
 Wi' sca'd and hairless heads;

24. And glaiked Glib &c.
 after Conviction to convey,

The caper-noited cheild that builds
 But by the thoomb and ee,
 And ne'er is led by line and rule
 As every fool should be;

126. 4. And Slow 'sz did it' that &c.
 after Frae 's house tæ pit him' out;

And Stainy-path's great dyker braw,
 Tæ lay things rightly down,
 Wi' 's plan cased like a blunderbuss,
 That cadges up and down

Upon his master's muckle meere,
 As oft 's she can be spared,
 Tæ shaw his gen'us, and gar reives
 Think he 's for them prepared,

Whan o'er the *Thief-road's* stainy path,
 Up *Cairn-muir's* cairns o' stanes,
 Through *Cald-stane-Slack*, jogs-tumbling
 north,
 She shores tae break his banes;

For 'tis a'e thing 'gainst sheep tae fence,
 As civil engineer,
 Anither tae clear stanes and cairns
 Safe on a civil meere

That, like a trained good catholic,
 Oft fa's upon her knees,
 Oit mak's her rider prostrate too,
 And frac his weight gets case,

Page 126, line 4. read, Tae ane that kens-na' how to sit,
 Save that 't should be astride,
 Flies head, hands, legs, to stay himself,
 Mair than his beast to guide :

Here 's frae Blair-bog &c.
 12. after For cheese and bread, like mice;

And gathered Gaberlunzie come
 Tae seek a lass to wed,
 And get his ald worn ditching-tools
 O'er wi' new iron laid ;

And Gawfer, wi' his cutty &c.
 14. slide
 3. Girn-again Goblin,
 6. after 'Twixt the loch and the glyn,

The Loch where on its bottom deep
 Its kelpy's cot remains,
 The Glyn where the Kow-craig at nights
 Still bogle-kews retains ;

And trig Tam Thoomb's son that can dance
 ' Cutty-spoon and tree-ladle,'
 Cut caprioles and curvets heegh
 While playan' on his fiddle,

Wi' juggles, merry nimble feats,
 Queer puddock-loups o'er backs,
 Droll tricks, whan Pate and Roger's played,
 And sangs, atween the Acts,

Tae geegles, girns, loud-clappan' hands,
 And gawfs frae young and bauld,
 And rifts, and whoasts frae baith their
 ends,
 And heghs! and wows! frae auld,

And ithers teach tae kick and fling,
 And caper plunge and rise,
 Like stirks whan stanged, on sweltry
 days,
 That frisk tae clegs and flies,

And slide boo, bidge, and whirl, in time,
 And hats and bennets doff,

Page 128. line 6. *read*, Though soor look sweet, ayont their teeth,
But not like grinnan' oaf,

And mind their lessons whul' he ha'ds
Their hands and guides their feet
Tae hornpipe steps, thus, singan' slow
'One-two-three! shuffle-shuffle?' sweet;

10. And, smirkan', wi' his bonnet &c.
after Sae sleeky, and sae slee; (32)

Wi' hisg enteeclly gifted son
The Nightingale by name
Whase scholars draunt sae weell 'O-Mo-
ther-dear-'fe-ru-sa-lem.'

13. And, near him, greetan' &c.
after That rakes the awys sae weell:

And twa cheilda bearan' Dumby deaf,
Frae Lintoun brought, for lame,
Upon her barrow-palanquin,
Like cross-legged eastern-dame,

For meal, whan she their fates had signed,
Fu' glad to set her down
And leave her at their neighbour's door
Tae get her frae their own,

Though, ance, whan threatened, for a
cheat,
Tae be laid up and whipt,
'Tis said she first for mercy begged,
Then frae her barrow skipt,

Tae mawkin turned, and skelpt sae fast
Aff frae the beagles' reach,
They nor could, by their sight nor scent,
Or trace her scut or breech,

The glamour o'er their een she'd flung
Made them sae doiled and blind,
But barrow, blanket, and meal-lock,
They gat, she'd left behind,

And Lexy Lauther frae Law-head
Wi' stuff arrivan' slow,

Page 128. Line 3. read That covered wi' her mound o' cloots,
Is scarcely seen below

The load her back she dooms tae bear,
Like snail's beneath its shell,
And Indian pagan penitent's,
Her clothes,—bed,—oft, her cell:

The lecan' Loon, frae Logan-house,
That herds about the fa'
Below Carnethie's carned tap
Abuin the Howlet's-ha'

Here tells tae what great gouks he'd
shawn,
Come ferlics there tae see,
For Gland and Symon's houses, each,
The found o' a sheep-rec ;

For birks a wee bit scruntly row'n,
That near't nae witch may win ;
For bathing pool, a dub for ducks ;
Instead of ' little lin'

' Wi' singan' din', a lofty steep,
A' bare and barren round,
Down which a streamlet glides into
Rough stanes, with plashing sound ;

And gar'd them feel sae satisfied,
Frae these, 'twas ' Habbie's How'
They'd seen, they filled his luifs wi' cash
For empty thanks and bow :

128.

22.

Here's Luggie, the snibbed Sutor's &c.
after Distillers frae Guise-dibs ;

And Poachy, near the wood that wons,
The loch between and hill,
In pounds that powther buys tae blaw,
In winter, hares tae kill,

And pairicks, grouse, woodcocks and
snipes,
And cushy-do'es, at yule,
And at a great goose, or braw duke,
Or sic-like precious fool,

Page 128 line 22, *read*, Esteemed because it's rich and rare,
 Though not for daily cheer,
 Tae show aff feasts, like cakes and buns,
 At Christmas and New-Year ;

And the gleg host o' *Venter-fare*,
 In english *Belly-timber*,
 That travellers' kytes wi' haggise' heaves,
 Then vents their purses limber,

Whan he has dosed them wi' guid drink,
 Tae gar his fare digest,
 Till, fu' twa venters out o' three,
 Their lawin 's never mist,

They're a' sae happy, he's sae kind,
 They seldom dream tae speer
 Gif what they pay for in his bills
 Was got, or 's cheap or dear ;

129.

20.

And Freetock, wi' his &c
after On yad wi' sunks astraddle,

That, led by her maternal care,
 Whene'er she calls tae mind
 Her foal, loud nighers for't, left, in
 The stable lockt behind,

Hér mane, lugs, head, feet, tail, raised
 heegh.

Wi' egs and nostrils wide,
 And prances Jock 'maist aff her back,
 Kytch'd till her fits subside,

That often frets, foams, draunts, and
 punps,
 And frae her belly clunks,
 An excellent sign ! whan, after drink,
 She trots wi' butter-trunks,

Or sour-milk-barrels, tae Embrace Cross,
 The Laird's, like Trojan Horse,
 Frae 's wame, whan walkan' g'an' groans,
 Whul' trottan' mak's him worse,

Unless, at times, that they may cease,
 Frae his vexation kind,

Page 129, line 20. *read*, His Honour's spur gars sudden start
 Afford relief behind,

With louder sound than Laocoon's spear,
 On doing good, when sent
 Into the wooden charger's side
 Extracted from his vent;

And Leddy fine, on palfrey white,
 Gabriel ahint, the grieve,
 Braid sittan' on her cushion soft,
 His waist by ha'dan' steeve,

And whaupan' hard, tae quicken the rump
 The nag o', tae gar't steer
 Whan like tae sink beneath the load
 O' Leddy, grieve, and &c.

129.	25.	<i>baveran' gilly-gawpy,</i>
	26.	snubbed hen-peckt
	32.	spinning on its iron point with a string,
130.	5.	pad and graith,
134.	10.	<i>after</i> Beside the Carlop Rocks;

Tabitha wi' her tabby cats,
 Frae round her ingle-save,
 For a *guld-neighbour* ta'en because
 She's wiser than the lave,

And warlock stories tells sae weell
 O' ghaists and goblins lean
 At Barrie's cove, the caldrons, craigs,
 Or Carlop's hill or dean,

O' dwarf-like ancient painted Peghs
 Lamentan' o'er their urns,
 And whiles o' Fairies green about
 The glimmeran' glens and burns;

22. Bauld Henny Hetface, whan &c.
after Whu' cripple Kate can stae,

Frail Kitty, frae the cutty-stool
 That coudna' lang refrain,
 Although she ettled every year,
 Ne'er to sit there again;

The brosy Black-bird, and the &c.
 'age 140. line 24. read, after ' By force to take it all :

- ' *The Nature's Law*, and anarchy
- ' Will trespasses chastise,
- ' That folk, as well as flock and herd,
- ' Should strength and wisdom prize,

- ' Should of themselves create a chief
- ' With counsellors to act,
- ' And freely give to every man
- ' The place his parts exact ;

- ' Each plant in woods even holds its state
- ' As ranks its gifted powers,
- ' Support or shelter gets or gives,
- ' Creeps, climbs, vies, yields, o'er-
- towers ;

- ' Without gradations hive nor horde,
- ' Could with effect proceed,
- ' What would a hundred legs and arms
- ' Avail, without a head ?

- ' Your mobs of levellan' Democrats
- ' *By their ain* deeds detect
- ' The frenzy of their schemes when forc'd
- ' A leader to elect,

- ' When, at the very time they're met
- ' To obtain equality,
- ' To act, they first a chief must choose,
- ' And offer to obey,

- ' Nay, if their captain's seized or shot,
- ' Raise and submit again
- ' They must, or part, and, subjects still,
- ' Serving and served, remain !

- ' But to wild beasts, to deserts driven
- ' To prowl for prey alone,
- ' Foes to each other's wills and wants,
- ' Equality is known ;

- ' Save we except the Arab too,
- ' The robber, and outlaw,

- Dead to those feelings that respect,
• Free worth and wisdom draw ;
- Though these themselves, James, prove, -
when forced
- For strength into a band,
- Self-taught, that their success requires
• A Captain, to command :
- Besides, at once, your levelling would
• Destroy all soul and &c.

Page 157. line 6. *read* at mess,
#65. 28. and fined,

THE END.

